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The Sketch

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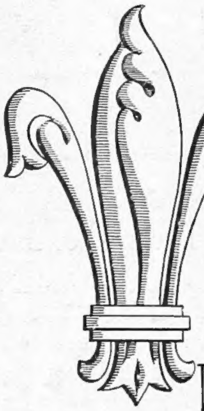

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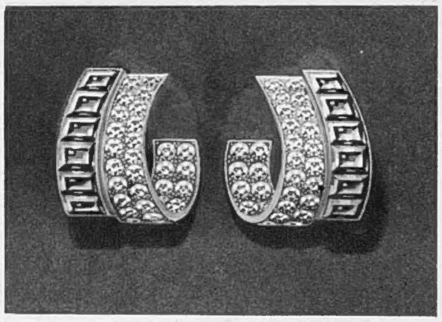

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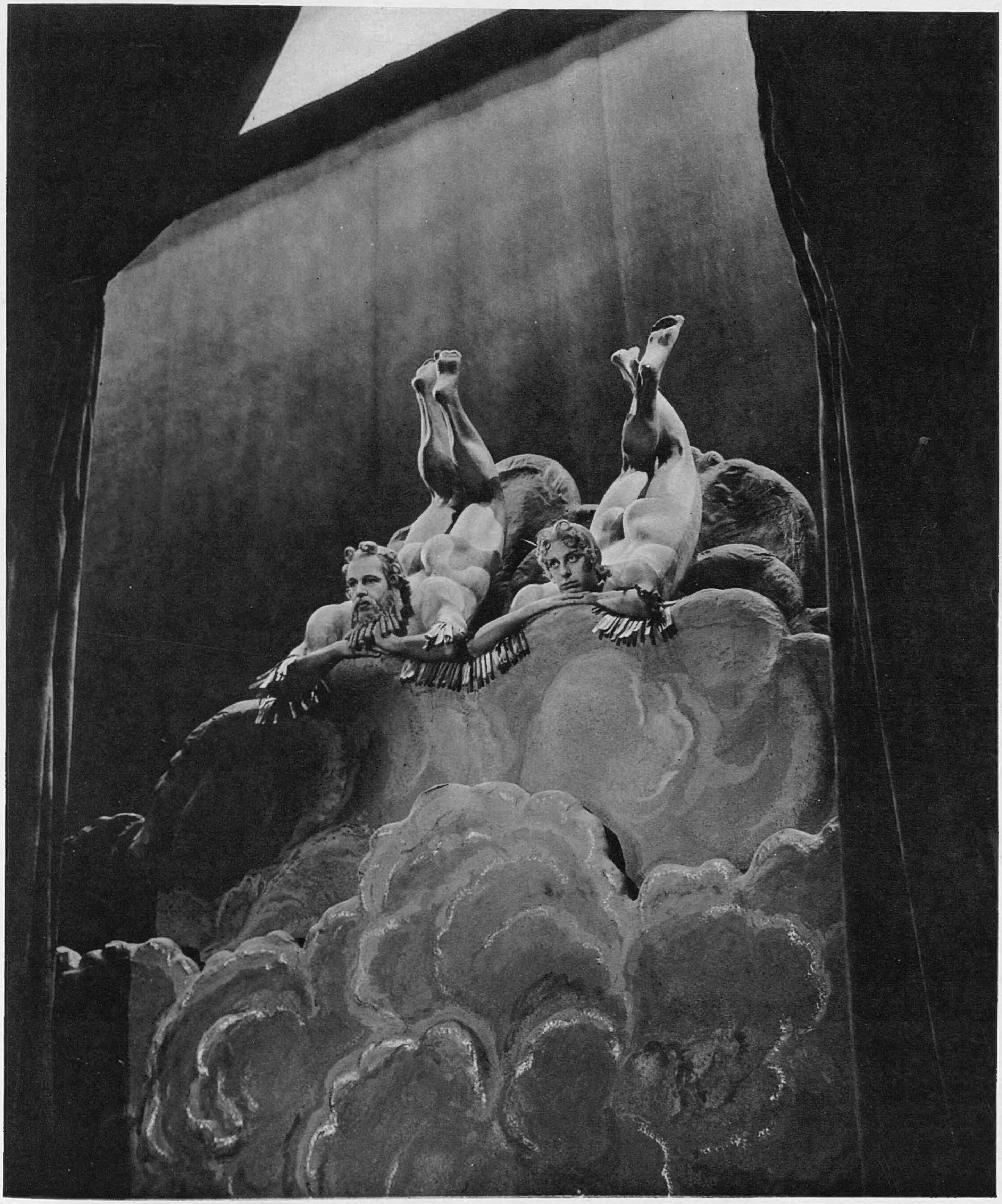
The Sketch

No. 2333—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1937. ONE SHILLING



FIRST STOP—THE EARTH: JUPITER ALFRED LUNT AND MERCURY RICHARD WHORF.

ALFRED LUNT *plays Jupiter in* "AMPHITRYON 38," *the adaptation from the French of Jean Giradoux, due for production in New York on November 2; and* Lynne Fontanne, *his wife, is Alcmena. Here Jupiter and Mercury* (RICHARD WHORF) *are aboard the cloud express from Mount Olympus to the Earth. The number "38" indicates that Giradoux estimates that he is the thirty-eighth writer to present the story.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

VANG FANG.—I.

WINE maketh glad the heart of man, but its effect on the head is, notoriously, often unfortunate. It has inspired abundant poetry and much ecstatic prose; but it is also the occasion of a great deal of what Mark Twain called clotted nonsense. It is very definitely one of those subjects in which a little learning is a dangerous thing. That moral is often to be drawn from the airy remarks of novelists about wine: vintage-patter sounds very impressive, but it frequently displays a childlike innocence. (I suppose astute novelists calculate that it does not matter anyhow, as most of their readers won't know any better!) For example, in a novel which has recently had a great vogue, I observe that one of the characters produces an "1815 Sherry." There may be in the world, for all I know, some sherry more than a century old, but if there is, I am sure it is not fit to drink; and I should be much interested to see the corks. Besides, although one must not expect infallibility from hard-worked novelists, an author—or, indeed, anybody who has ever seen a bottle of sherry—really ought to know that sherry is never dated with vintage-years. This would be quite impossible, since all true sherries are a complicated blend of wines of different years—often of many different years.

"OH, DOCTOR, I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH ME UNTIL I MET YOU."

DRAWN BY VICKY.

Or let me take another example from no less a person than Lord Peter Wimsey, who, if I mistake not, rather fancies himself on his taste in wines. Lord Peter is a young man whose versatility of talents has always struck me as rather too good to be true; and, whatever his omniscience in other directions, I am afraid he is a little shaky on claret. Let us hear one of his more original dicta: it is from "Busman's Honeymoon."

"'Is that the port, after all?'

"'No, claret. It's a youngish but pleasant Hermitage, with only a very light sediment. It seems to have travelled all right—it's quite clear.'"

There is here as pretty a collection of mistakes about wine as one could concentrate within a few lines. To begin with, to describe Hermitage as a claret is like calling brandy whisky. Claret (I hope it is unnecessary to state) is a generic name for the red wine of Bordeaux, while Hermitage (red and white) are Rhone wines; or, to be exact, they are wines of the Midi, and some precisians prefer to regard them as in a classification distinct from the two most familiar Rhone wines, Châteauneuf du Pape and Côte Rôtie. Again, a "youngish" Hermitage is a contradiction in terms: of all French red wines, Hermitage is the most harsh and crude in youth, and it is of no value at all until well aged. Finally, Lord Peter seems to have heard somewhere (rightly, for once) that Hermitage throws a sediment, and he therefore seems to make the common mistake of supposing that it does not "travel well." I beg his pardon, but until about forty years ago, Hermitage travelled well enough to be a favourite fine wine in England; all Meredithians will remember that it was one of Dr. Middleton's idols. The only reason why it is uncommon in England at present is because wine-merchants are shy of a wine which throws a heavy sediment, since few modern customers, apparently, have the patience to decant a good wine and to sacrifice a quarter of a bottle for the greater glory of the other three-quarters.

Novelists, then—and especially, if they will forgive my saying so, feminine novelists—should be cautious of a "little learning" about wine. But they are not peculiar in that respect. Even so-called experts are capable of strange aberrations. It is, by the way, a great mistake to regard every wine-merchant as an expert. There are, I am sorry to say, a number of persons "in the trade" who sell wines with as much knowledge and discrimination as they would sell packets of pins. I often get lists and catalogues which shamefully miscall and misspell the honoured names of well-known wines. The other day I received one which listed Châteauneuf du Pape under the heading "Burgundy." I would as lief buy a bottle of wine from that man as a bottle of sulphuric acid. I have seen, in print, Marsala described as Sherry and Saumur as Graves. It may be pedantic, perhaps, to condemn those who call Sauternes "Sauterne," because they *will* do it; but these little exactitudes are not merely captious, for there are certain delicacies and nicenesses about which the conscientious wine-merchant, who has a proper regard for his highly-skilled craft, is very meticulous. The first principle of the appreciation of wine is *to go to a good wine-merchant*. That he should be honest, in a business which gives many opportunities for unscrupulousness, goes without saying, but he should be much more than that—he should be genuinely solicitous not only to please, but even to educate, the taste of the intelligent customer.

I seem to be laying down the law rather heavily, and you may well ask: "Who is this chap, that professes to be such an authority?" Let me confess at once that I am no authority at all: God forbid that I should set myself up as any such thing, for I am as a wash-pot to the true connoisseur. I have no particular palate, a limited experience and a very modest cellar: I am very diffident about my own judgment, and it would be quite easy for anybody who wanted to expose my ignorance to bluff and bamboozle me about the quality of wines. I would claim only that I know enough about wines to be conscious that there is a great deal more to know than most people realise. Persons with really discriminating palates and independent judgments about wine are really very rare; and when one hears some of the solemn, confident pronouncements of the inexpert, one can only laugh. Apart altogether from natural taste, the whole business of the geography, chemistry, classification, grading and marketing of wine is an extremely complex study. To take one example, there are very few persons except experts (and not all of them) who are familiar with one-tenth of the innumerable Bordeaux growths. If the subject does not bore you, I propose to suggest next week some of the commonest mistakes which most of us, in our innocence, are apt to make about the grape.

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mrs. Bristlewood begins to doubt whether she was wise in making Mr. Bristlewood learn to dance.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

KEMPTON AND NOTTINGHAM IN "ST. LUKE'S

The HON. MRS. CHARLES WOOD *(formerly Miss Ruth Primrose)*, *the* HON. CHARLES WOOD *(eldest son of Viscount Halifax), and* MR. DENNIS PARKER BOWLES *went to Kempton.*

Right: MISS GILL COWAN *wore a smart checked overcoat at Kempton races. She is chatting to* MR. PAT GRINDLING.

MISS FINOLA FITZGERALD *and* MISS BETTYNE EVERARD *were two young girls to be seen at the Nottingham meeting.*

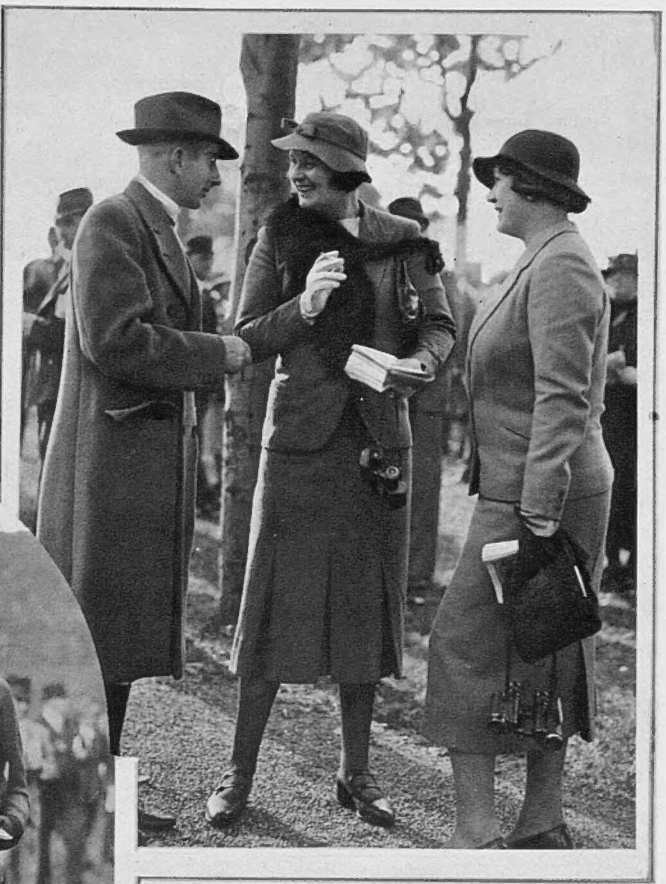
The HON. MRS. MICKLETHWAIT *and* MRS. DAVID COOK *at Nottingham. Mrs. Micklethwait is the only sister of Baroness Beaumont.*

LADY WINIFRIDE HOWARD, *youngest sister of the Duke of Norfolk, and* LADY GILLIAN DRUMMOND, *youngest daughter of the new Earl of Perth (formerly Sir Eric Drummond), the British Ambassador in Rome, are seen at Kempton Park races.*

LADY O'NEILL, *well turned out* ... *to* MR. MOR

SUMMER" : AUTUMN SUNSHINE AT TWO MEETINGS.

Left: MRS. BRUNNER *and* MRS. J. B. PAUL *in the paddock at Nottingham.*



RUFUS BEASLEY *was talking to the* HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE *and* JOYCE, LADY ALLERTON *when photographed at Nottingham.*

COLONEL *and* MRS. BOYD-ROCHFORT *at Kempton Park races.*

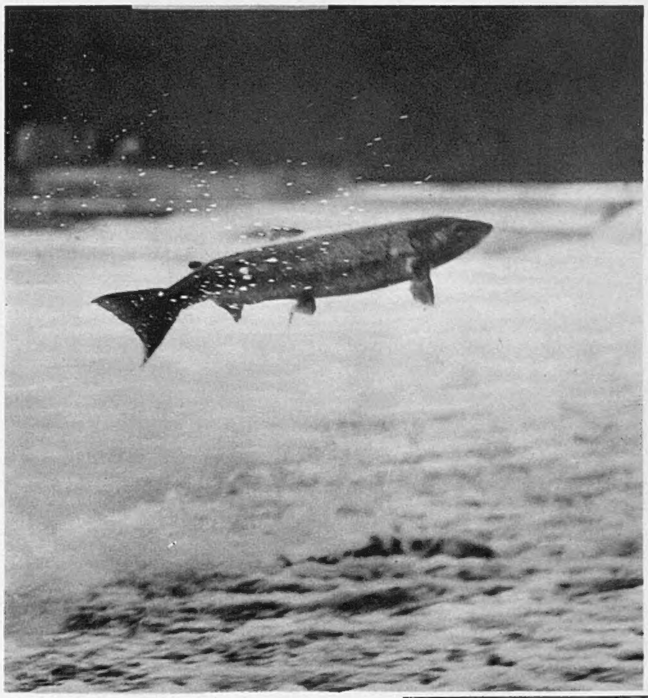
ever, was at Kempton. She is talking O'FERRALL.

MRS. O'NEILL *and* MRS. MARK PILKINGTON *(right) were well suited by their new season's high-hat models when they went racing at Kempton.*

COLONEL BRIAN FAIRFAX, *a well-known racing personality, in conversation with* LADY COOK *at Nottingham.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

THIS summer there has been an outbreak of basking-shark fever in the daily Press as a result of several instances of boats being upset or attacked by so-called "basking sharks." Making due allowance for a certain amount of "colouring" in the stories which have been published, there is still sufficient substance left in them to show that an exceptional visitation of our seas by some large fishes or mammals has occurred. They may be basking sharks—there have always been plenty of these harmless sharks around our coasts—but if half what has been written about them is true, I should think they are more likely to be killer whales than basking sharks. Mr. Mitchell-Henry told me that while he was at Scarborough recently, trawler skippers and Dutch drifters reported that the sea was alive with "askers." For some years past Mr. Mitchell-Henry has been trying to discover what kind of creatures these "askers" are. He has now come to the conclusion that the word applies to the orca, or killer whale, and he thinks the word "askers" may be a clumsy derivation of "orcas."



Here's A FINE SALMON OUT OF ITS ELEMENT. *It is making a spectacular leap up the Philiphaugh Cauld, near Selkirk. When word goes round that the salmon are "up" in the Border country, crowds go to the Caulds to see the gallant fish leaping high out of the water on their way upstream to the spawning-beds.*

Are the Killers to Blame?

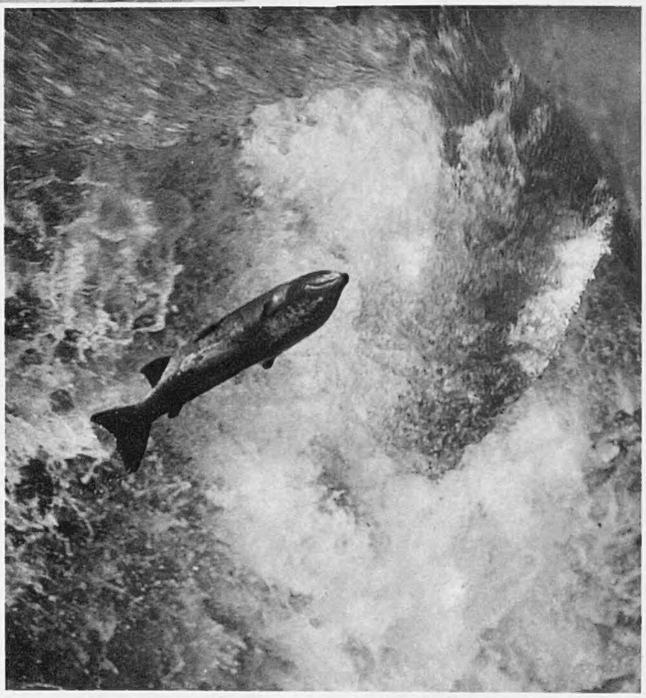
By the end of September the total catch of tunny this season was thirteen. Whether any more will be caught while the fine weather lasts remains to be seen. If all the fish that have been hooked had been landed, the total would have been a very good one; but even so, the tunny, though plentiful enough for a few weeks, suddenly disappeared. The presence of killer whales would account for their disappearance, as these ocean wolves, hunting in packs of fewer than a dozen, are the scourge of the seas. Porpoises, dolphins, and seals are literally swallowed alive, and these ferocious creatures have no hesitation in attacking the largest of whales. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the poor salmon-fishing season may be due to the fish having been driven off their usual routes by the presence of killers. In Vancouver, salmon anglers often see schools of orcas while fishing in the lower Sansum narrows, and are advised to shut off their engines and drift if the orcas come within a few hundred yards. The reason for this is that the vibration might scare the calves, and when this happens they huddle together under the protection of the cows, and the bulls circle round ready to attack if danger threatens. An extraordinary incident which happened two years ago was related by Ralph Dopping-Hebenstal in "Rod and Gun in Canada." An Indian had shot a seal and was towing it across Cowichan Bay behind his dug-out canoe when an orca seized the seal and pulled the canoe right under the water. It soon reappeared, with the Indian clinging on and shouting for help. Then, like a trimmer attached to a pike, the canoe with the unfortunate Indian kept disappearing and bobbing up again. At length he was rescued by one of his friends in a fishing launch.

Irish Pike. While on a fishing holiday on Lough Conn from July 29 to Aug. 26, two English clergymen, the Rev. E. C. Alston and the Rev. R. Wylam, killed ninety pike of a total weight of 838 lb. Six pike over 20 lb. and up to 24 lb. were included in the bag, and the best day was on Aug. 5, when eleven pike weighing 127 lb. were captured. The high average weight of 9¼ lb. is far in excess of the best average on English waters. It is surprising that so few English pike anglers visit the Irish loughs, where there is every likelihood of really good sport, and always the chance of hooking a monster of 40 lb. or more.

"Spinning Up to Date." Prejudice against Yankee bait-casting ideas is slowly giving way. American multiplying reels now find a ready market here, and even our conservative tackle-makers are bestirring themselves to meet the demand for this type of reel. I realised many years ago that some day anglers over here would recognise the virtues of the multiplier, and I am surprised that they have been so long in doing so. My friend "Jock Scott" has just written another book, "Spinning Up to Date," in which he gives the Yankee method adapted to British ideas pride of place in up-to-date spinning methods. As a fly-fisherman at heart, he encourages the reader to maintain a proper perspective between the use of fly and of spinner. This is all to the good, for there are too many up-to-date anglers who think that spinning is the only worth-while method of fishing. I have more sympathy for the fly-only man than the so-called "bait merchant," but there is a happy medium in all things, and particularly in angling. The seeker after spinning knowledge will find quite a lot in Jock Scott's book, but he will learn little of the delightful combination of a medium-length rod and multiplying reel, as Jock Scott prefers the short rod.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

A young Belfast angler, Mr. John Sang, fishing from a 12-ft. collapsible canvas canoe, hooked a large conger, which pulled him some miles out to sea. Becoming alarmed, he cut the line and for four hours he tried to reach the coast. As the light was failing he had the good fortune to be picked up by a trawler. He was then ten miles off the coast on the route of cross-Channel boats and in a very perilous position.



This is another good action picture of A SALMON HIGH ABOVE THE FOAMY WATER *at Killearn, Stirlingshire, Scotland, where the salmon are now plentiful, having returned from the sea to deposit their spawn.*

Fishing near the rocks on Pakefield Beach, Lowestoft, Mr. B. Martin caught a 23-lb. cod, an unusually heavy specimen so early in the season.

An eight-foot tunny was washed up on the North Beach, Great Yarmouth. Its side was badly gashed. Was this the result of an attack by a killer whale?

Mr. James Criddle, a veteran angler, caught a 55½-lb. conger just outside Dartmouth Harbour.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

THE ORPHAN OF THE STORM—OF BOMBS.

A STUDY OF WHAT WAS LEFT AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE SOUTH STATION, SHANGHAI, BY JAPANESE AIRCRAFT.

E

FINDING THEIR ICE LEGS.

J. H. Dowd's genius for sketching nursery people on their lawful occasions is well known, and all who delighted in "Important People" and "People of Importance" will be overjoyed to know that a new volume of drawings by him, with letterpress by B. E. Spender, has just been published by "Country Life" under the title of "Serious Business." It contains a series of Dowd drawings in black and white and in colour illustrating the business of children. We have Business at the Seaside, Business in the Parks, at Lord's, in the Baths, on the Skating Rink, at the Dancing Academy, and finally the Business of Life on the Holidays. On this page we give some Dowd gems from Business on the Skating Rink—a topical subject, for we are all now rink-conscious, with the ice spectacle, "St. Moritz," at the London Coliseum, the forthcoming Skating Ballet at the Covent Garden Opera House, Sonja Henie on the screen, and many of us enthusiastic amateurs of skating who frequent London's ice-rinks, and go wintersporting in the Christmas holidays.

THE MARQUESS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE, elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, is engaged to LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, elder daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland. Lord Clydesdale, who is thirty-four years of age, is a keen amateur boxer and boxed for Oxford against [*Continued opposite.*

Continued.] Cambridge three years in succession. He is an enthusiastic aviator and a wing commander in the Auxiliary Air Force. Four years ago he was chief pilot in the Mount Everest Air Expedition. Since 1930 he has been M.P. for East Renfrewshire. Lady Elizabeth was a train-bearer at the Coronation. She is 21.

LADY ELIZABETH PERCY AND THE MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE, HER FIANCÉ.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PEARL FREEMAN.

BEATTY OF THE NORTH SEA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

EARL BEATTY, *son of the famous Admiral Earl Beatty, has been yachting in the Mediterranean with* COUNTESS BEATTY, *and is here seen with her at Malta.*

EARL *and* COUNTESS BEATTY *were snapped arriving at Malta. Lord Beatty was born on the Island in 1905. He has been a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, Member of Parliament for Peckham, and Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Parliamentary and Financial Secretary of the Admiralty.*

Earl and Countess Beatty arrived at Malta in the SAILING YACHT "NOROIT" *and, after a short stay, left in the "Khedive Ismail." Lady Beatty, who was Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands, is a bride of the year. Lord Beatty's titles include those of Viscount Borodale of Wexford and Baron Beatty of the North Sea and of Brooksby.*

GUESTS AND PRINCIPALS AT THE CLYDE — ROBERTSON WEDDING.

LADY CHURSTON, *wearing a fox cape and one of the new high hats, was a guest at the marriage of* Mr. William Clyde *and* Miss Rosemary Robertson.

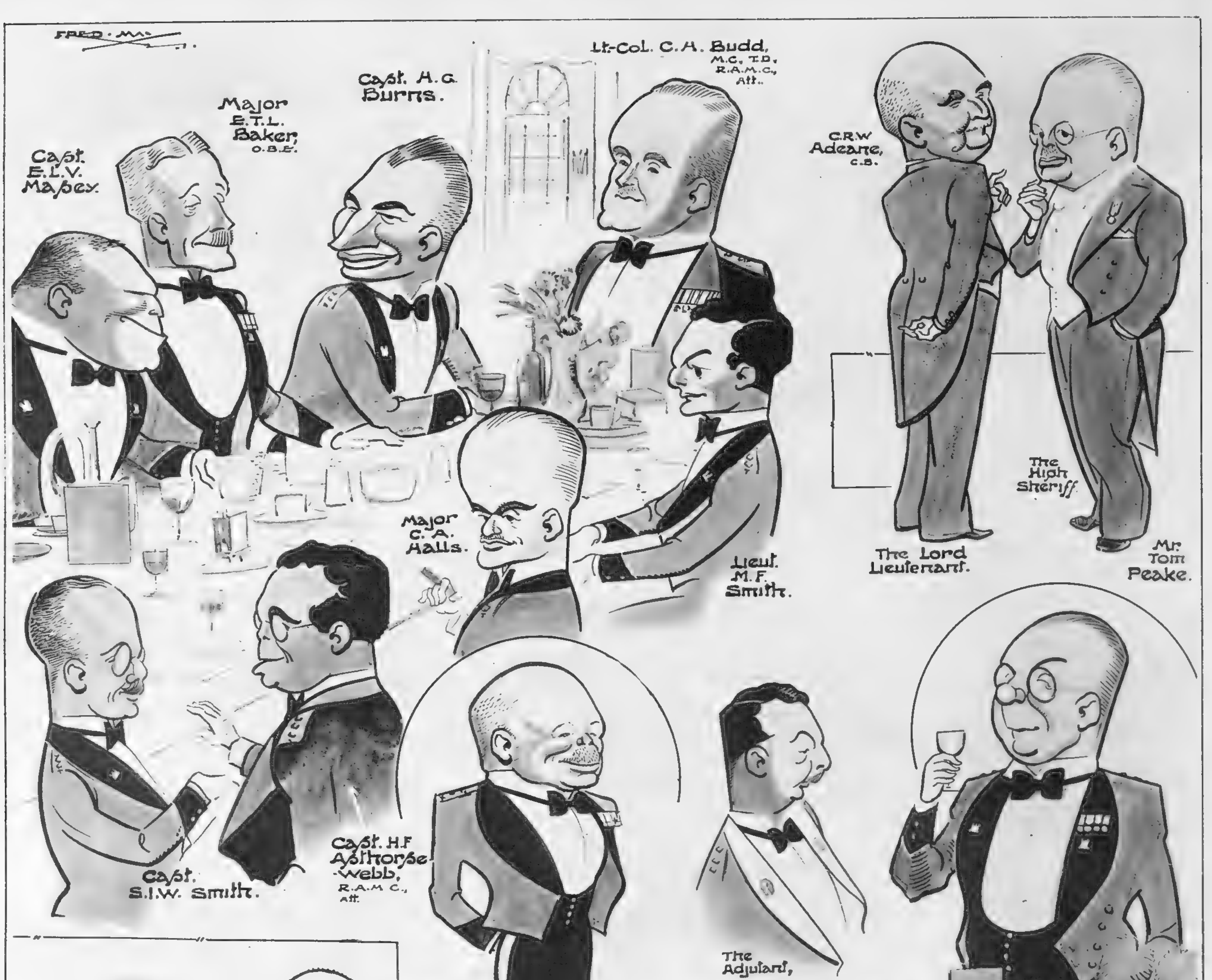
LADY TICHBORNE, MRS. THOMAS PHIPPS, *and* LADY PLUNKET *were three decorative young married women who attended the wedding and the reception. Lady Tichborne is the wife of Sir Anthony Tichborne, Bt.*

ALASTAIR KYLE, *stepbrother of the bridegroom, and* ROSEMARY FORBES, *daughter of Mrs. David Forbes, were the train-bearers, and enjoyed a mild flirtation when sitting out on the stairs.*

The marriage of MR. W. P. CLYDE, *son of Mr. W. P. Clyde, of New York, and of Mrs. Alan Kyle, to* MISS ROSEMARY ROBERTSON, *daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Frank Robertson and of Mrs. Robertson, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a dress of powder-blue lamé and a tulle veil tinted to match the gown.*

Left : LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, CAPTAIN ALAN KYLE, *stepfather of the bridegroom, and* LADY PLUNKET *are seen in conversation at the reception after the wedding.*

Right : MRS. DAVID FORBES, *whose baby daughter was a train-bearer, wore a purple velvet hat with feather trimming.*



THE CAMBRIDGESHIRES.

The CAMBRIDGESHIRE REGIMENT, T.F., *forms part of the Corps of the Suffolk Regiment. Before the Great War it had an unbroken history of over fifty years as a military unit composed of volunteers. In 1860, it was formed from the Cambridge Rifle Club, being part of the new Volunteer Force. That year they received their first Colours from the ladies of Cambridge. They sent a section to the South African War. In February 1915 they arrived in France and were posted to the 27th Division. They fought splendidly at St. Eloi and Ypres; Armentières, Givenchy, the Somme, St. Julien, and the "Deluge" of March 1918. Fred May's sketches were made during a visit and inspection by the Director-General of the "Terriers," General Sir Walter Kirke.*

OVER THE STICKS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Here are MR. F. NEVILLE CRUMP, MRS. SIDNEY WILKINSON, *and* MISS SYLVIA BRADLEY *(from left to right).*

LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY *(left) and* MISS LLOYD THOMAS *were among the young girls who went to the meeting.*

Left: MRS. PHILLIP DUNNE *(left) and* MAJOR *and* MRS. CARLOS CLARKE *are the trio in this group.*

Left: MRS. T. HANBURY, MR. CRUMP, *and* MISS BRADLEY *are in consultation; with* MR. HANBURY *on the right.*

MR. D. A. *and the* HON. MRS. JACKSON *were snapped chatting to* MRS. WEST *(right). Mrs. Jackson was the Hon. Pamela Mitford, and is a daughter of Lord Redesdale. Mr. Jackson's Xenon was second in the Avon Handicap Steeplechase.*

Stratford-on-Avon 'Chases were held in brilliant sunshine and on pretty hard going. LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, *in a beautifully-cut gate-pattern checked tweed and a "halo" hat, is shown with* MR. *and* MRS. GOODE.

TALES WITH A STING.

FOUR WALLS

By GWENYS APPERLEY

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

THIS was Harry Langley's first visit to the great open spaces of India, and he alternated between enjoyment of cultivated fields and a gripping loneliness.

Mango and leechee orchards basked in the crystal sunshine. There were crops neatly squared off from each other by earth banks, temples occasionally poking their spires from some walled garden, and villages of mud huts or grass thatch, all sliding past the mail train, which rattled from station to station on a metre-gauge line.

Being September and the rains over, the air was miraculously clear, so that for a while the snows stood out like white ghosts along the northern horizon. It grew hotter, and the buzz of the fans was almost companionship to the solitary youth dozing off and on through the long hours. It was peaceful enough, certainly, except at one or two wayside stations, where the driver and guard quarrelled with noise and zest, and passengers in third-class compartments also raised their voices in altercation.

They left all the doors wide open and sat, whenever possible, with their feet out of the windows. All very amusing, and as he had a well-stocked hamper and an ice-box, plenty of smokes and literature, he wasn't too badly off. But, ye gods! The slowness of it!

Either the line was badly laid or the train was a veteran, singing its metal song of clickety-clack interspersed with bumps more jerkily than usual, but so it went on, until the little driver got the worst shock of his life.

Various things on the line had puzzled him at intervals, but in his quarrel with the guard he had passed them by. He could do so no longer. Ahead of them, standing in an unexpected station, was another train, and he knew quite well that no other train had any business to be on his line at that hour. He also knew that only a phenomenal effort could prevent a collision.

He yelled in panic, the fireman joining him, and the guard, looking out at the rear, screeched the most dreadful things at both of them. They braked hard, and the second train, which should have arrived at Kantipore, fifty miles away, about this time, struck its predecessor in the guard's van. The detonation was terrific.

Mercifully, however, little damage was done, but if an inferno had been aroused there could not have been more noise. Everybody shouted and screamed at once. Harry, looking out, saw first of all the appalled expression on the face of the station-master, gazing utterly stupefied through his spectacles. Both drivers and guards were already hoarse by the time that official realised what had happened.

Arms waved and hands pointed, while voices demanded an explanation. "What was that jackal of a train doing at Kantipore?" screamed driver the second.

This wasn't Kantipore. This was Dûli station.

But driver the second wasn't going to be quelled in this fashion. What was Dûli station doing where Kantipore ought to be?

Kantipore was over there, there, *there* (son of a diseased pig!), *there!* Seventeen people showed him, all together, exactly where Kantipore happened to be on the map. Driver the second turned on his own guard again. This was all his fault. When the District Traffic Superintendent and the Loco Department heard about it . . .

One of the firemen burst into tears and kicked his colleague. There was a scrap of some magnitude, interrupted by a signalman, who wanted to know why the second train had disregarded his warning. Driver the second spat at him to show what he thought of signals in general.

"Peace! Peace!" implored the station-master, and a constable now entered the argument. He would report instantly by telegraph to his inspector, and the Superintendent Sahib would put everybody in jail. This created a sudden lull.

"Station-master," asked Harry desperately, "what is this station, and why isn't it Kantipore?" He consulted his watch, while the perspiring official blinked at him nervously.

"Kantipore far away, Sir," he stammered.

"How far?"

"Fifty miles as—as the elephant flies, Sir!" the station-master gulped, quite demoralised by a confusion of ideas and natural history.

"Fifty miles! But what's happened?"

A clerk, anxious to air his knowledge of the English language, here interposed. "Terrible fish-kettle, Sir," he announced, beaming. "This Dûli station. By some erroneous error Kantipore train get on wrong line and intermingle grievously with Dûli train, thus causing time-table obstructions."

"Great Scott!"

"Yes, Sir. Results most deplorable. This terminus station."

"You mean I've got to stick here, then?"

"Sir, no sticking," said the clerk reproachfully. "Kantipore train go backwards now, I think, to junction. No room at Dûli for him."

"If you stay in carriage, Sir, all will be well," the station-master suggested, longing for peace.

"Yes, Sir, you arriving finally Kantipore destination sometime," the clerk went on in an encouraging tone.

"But I must send a wire—a telegram," Harry said.

"Yes, Sir," from the clerk, "we all send telegraphic communications shortly."

"But how on earth did this train go wrong?" Harry enquired. "Does this sort of thing often happen?"

"No, oh, no, Sir. Never before," the station-master hastened to reassure him.

"Excepting oncely," prompted the clerk. "And severe sayings from Traffic Superintendent Sahib."

"I should think so!" Harry turned, scanning the flat panorama on all sides of them. "I say, is that a bungalow over there?"

"Bungalow, Sir?" The station-master blinked and spoke hastily to his clerk, who melted away with regrets and pride.

"Behind that wall, among those trees. It looks like a house! That pink-looking place over there."

"No, Sir, no bungalow." And the station-master also melted away.

Just at that moment Harry spied a rotund figure conferring with the clerk. By his dress he looked like a white man's servant, and his beard was almost white. Watching the two in conversation, Harry saw the old man turn and point distinctly towards the house among the trees. That settled it, then. There was some human being of position and education behind those walls.

Loneliness was anathema to the subaltern fresh from a military station, and anything was better than waiting there among those screaming natives in the dust and heat of a September afternoon, although a cool one for the time of year. He wired to the friend at Kantipore, explaining a slight accident which detained him, and that he would follow later. Everything O.K.

[Continued on page xx.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

SUNDAY MORNING AT BALMORAL.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT *drove to Crathie Church from Balmoral with their Majesties the King and Queen the other Sunday.* H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET *sat between her uncle and aunt. The Duchess of Kent wore one of the new swathed hats with a high crown of fur, and a suit trimmed with fur to match. The Duke of Kent was in Highland dress and carried a sprig of white heather.*

THE FORMER CHARMIAN FANE IN HER CHELSEA HOME.

MRS. ROBERT RIVERS-BULKELEY, *who was Miss Charmian Fane, is now settled in a house in Tite Street, Chelsea. She is here posed with her charming Siamese kitten.*

MRS. ROBERT RIVERS-BULKELEY *and her brother,* MR. JOHN FANE, *in the little paved garden in front of the house.*

These delightful porcelain figures adorn the mantelpiece in one of Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley's rooms.

Right: Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley's bedroom is furnished and decorated in modern style. Here she is with a couple of reflections of herself.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDON.

ARBELL MACKINTOSH AND HER KINSWOMAN, ARABELLA STUART.

This portrait of LADY ARABELLA STUART (1575-1615), *attributed to Gheerhaerts, shows her wearing a white dress embroidered with flowers which was probably worn in one of the masques in which the ladies of the Court played parts. Arabella Stuart was a daughter of the Earl of Lennox and the Countess of Lennox (née Cavendish), and a great-great-granddaughter of Henry VII. She was imprisoned and died in captivity. The verses on the tablet at the base of the picture begin: "The restles swallow fits my restles minde, In still revivinge, still renewinge wronges; Her just complaintes of cruelty unkinde Are all the musique that my life prolonges."*

FROM THE PICTURE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE; REPRODUCED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF H.M. THE KING.

Right: MISS ARBELL MACKINTOSH, *daughter of Lady Maud Baillie and of the late Captain Angus Mackintosh, and granddaughter of the Duke of Devonshire, is here shown representing her kinswoman, Lady Arabella Stuart, whose portrait by Gheerhaerts we reproduce on this page. Miss Mackintosh was one of the most important débutantes of Coronation Year.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The first meeting for the Eighteenth Annual Christmas Market in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, which is to take place on November 15 and 16 at the Dorchester, was held at Halkin House, lent by LADY MARY LYGON *(right). She is with her sister-in-law,* VISCOUNTESS ELMLEY. *The list of stall-holders includes many well-known people, and there will be Side-shows; and a Darts Competition run by the Hon. Richard Lygon, who is President of the Malvern Darts League.*

SHALL we blame the slow start of the Little Season in London on St. Luke, or on the falling franc? The summery warmth of the Saint's summer makes it hard to leave the country, and the idea that every day in every way the foreigner gets more for his pound adds further attractions to Paris, where the Retrospective Exhibition of French Art, the Illuminated Manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the show of the (very) Independent Masters offer a menu of art for every palate, while the Exposition itself, finished at last, takes many visits before you 're through with it.

The marriage of MR. RICHARD LAURENCE SYKES *to* MISS NANCY BAILEY *took place at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square.*

The departure of the King and Queen from Balmoral on Monday marked the total eclipse of the Scottish season, and all will once more be quiet again on the Highland front. With the evacuation of shooting tenants, many landed lairds who have been spending the two past months or so *en famille* in modest "hide-outs" on their Northern domains are now gradually beginning to move back into their respective big hooses in different parts of the country.

. . . .

Those who imagine Scotland to be a dull and deserted place during October are mistaken. Actually, as far as weather conditions are concerned, it is one of the pleasantest months of the year across the Border, and although the round of Scottish revelry is over and done with, social activity is by no means at a low ebb. There are many home-loving Scots, too, who think nothing of braving the entire winter on their native heaths. Among them, Lord and Lady Elgin, who live at Broomhall, in the Kingdom of Fife; the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, who, when not on their beloved Isle of Arran, make their headquarters at Auchmar, a small house overlooking Loch Lomond; and Sir Donald and Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel, who will, as usual, be wintering at Achnacarry Castle, their place in Inverness-shire. One of the loveliest of Highland homes, it lies in the heart of the romantic "Prince Charlie country," not far from the shores of lonely Loch Archaig.

At Achnacarry, one begins the day in true Scottish fashion, being awakened each morning by the skirl of the pipes tunefully played by Lochiel's Piper, Norman MacRae, who has been with the family for many years. Norman is a great character, and comes of an old piping family; his much-treasured pipes formerly belonged to his forbear, Angus, who was in the service of the Duke of Cumberland.

. . . .

Another fine Scottish seat which is the centre of liberal hospitality all the year round is Cawdor Castle, Lord and Lady Cawdor's historic Nairnshire home, which, according to tradition, was the scene of the murder of King Duncan. At any rate, drawings on the castle walls depict the crime most realistically. Lady Cawdor, the former Wilma Vickers, is one of the country's most popular châtelaines, and the mother of two delightful children, Lady Caroline Mairi Campbell and little Lord Emlyn.

Lord and Lady Strathcona are always loath to leave their island home, Colonsay, where they have been since the end of July, though he was in London last week, and went to the première of the film "The Road Back." One of the most attractive spots off the Argyllshire coast, the island of Colonsay has been Lord and Lady Strathcona's favourite retreat since they abandoned Glencoe, the "Glen of Weeping," which was originally bought by Lord Strathcona's grandfather, the first Baron, who, as Donald Smith, found fame in Canada. It now belongs to Commander and Mrs. Buller Kitson, Lord Strathcona's brother-in-law and sister. Recent visitors to Colonsay have been Captain Donald Howard and his wife, Lady Leonora Howard, who is Lord Baldwin's daughter.

The marriage of MR. E. V. KNOX, *Editor of "Punch," who writes under the pen-name of "Evoe," to* MISS MARY SHEPARD, *only daughter of Mr. Ernest H. Shepard, the well-known artist, and of the late Mrs. Shepard, was solemnised at the church of St. Martha on the Hill, Guildford, Surrey.*

. . .

But now that October is here, Londoners are mostly back again on their native pavements, ready to face up to the spate of weddings and charity balls—and to the new hats, some of which need a pretty good face to convince the world that they are "witty" and never ridiculous. At any rate, these 1938 head-gear styles are not dull! Everyone has been to a round of dress parades, and all who attended the Maggy Rouff displays voted her models lovely. Maggy herself is Mme. Besançon de Wagner, not "de Wagram," as I was made to write last week on account of a printer's slip.

. . . .

The hotel opening nights were fun last week. The Ritz, which has now burst into a *café chantant* programme, gave us a good evening. Though it comes into line with modern entertainment, it very wisely sticks to the same somewhat conservative style of decoration, which suits the building and reminds us where we are! People who like piano-accordions will be thrilled by Gypsy Markoff, who is really excellent and looks all Spanish in her tight dress of glittering sequins. Don and Dolly amused me a lot. Don, a sad-looking fellow in seedy attire, is introduced as an Austrian nobleman, and appears on the band-platform, from which he pretends to order dinner and discuss the menu with the head waiter. He then signals to a sophisticated young woman who is seated at a table across the restaurant. She ignores him with hauteur, until he puts on a monstrous diamond ring and flashes it—then she comes across to join him, and the pair do a tremendously acrobatic dance.

The HON. SIGNE GULLY, *eldest daughter of the late Viscount Selby and of the Dowager Viscountess Selby, of Court Royal, Tunbridge Wells, is engaged to Mr. Max Brandenstein, younger son of Herr Ludwig and Frau Brandenstein, of Munich.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

First-night diners included Henry Sherek and his wife, the former Miss Pamela Boscawen, who had Raymond Massey at their table. Ivy St. Helier was another stage star to be seen, and Sir Victor Warrender was with a party which included Prince and Princess Dmitri of Russia and Colonel Wilfrid Egerton, high collar and all. The Cowan Dobsons were there too, she in a printed "backless" dress with a green border at the back. I hear they 've been at Gleneagles Hotel, where she must have looked highly exotic when strolling o'er the famous links.

. . . . . .

Mr. Hore-Belisha is an ardent film first-nighter, and was at the première of "The Road Back," at the New Gallery. Lady Oxford came too, and Lady Carisbrooke. The latter has been going about a good deal with her sister-in-law, Queen Eugénie of Spain, who came to London after her visit to Princess Beatrice in the Isle of Wight, where she played some golf. Her Majesty's urban occupations have included visits to many of the fashion shows, for she has always had a fondness for English dressmakers, and likes to make a number of purchases in her native land. Others who have been out and about in London this last week include Lord Dudley, who was at the "Circus" cabaret at Grosvenor House one evening. This entertainment has "caught on" very well, and Lord Portarlington, Lady Cunard, Lord Yarborough, and the Argentine Ambassador, who is now in excellent health, having recovered from his indisposition at the end of the season, are among the well-knowns who have patronised it recently.

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Everything went right for the wedding of Miss Mary Shepard (daughter of E. H. Shepard, the artist, well known to *Sketch* readers) to Mr. E. V. Knox, Editor of *Punch*, which took place near Guildford. The ceremony had a charming setting—the little Chapel of St. Martha, standing on the top of a hill near Merrow and Newlands Corner, probably familiar to everyone who has motored in this part of Surrey. A bright, sunny morning was needful for this outing in the woods, and was duly provided. The congregation walked or drove up through the pine-trees and bracken, and afterwards returned to Mr. Ernest Shepard's house near Guildford for a wedding lunch. The spectacle of Mr. George Belcher (famous creator of charwomen) as like a Regency buck as ever in a grey top-hat and "Johnny Walker" coat and stock, and the other wearers of shining "beaver" hats arranged on the top of the hill against a placid Surrey distance, was like an illustration to Jane Austen. Mr. Frank Reynolds, another artist well known to *Sketch* readers, "Fougasse," and Mr. G. L. Stampa were among the guests. In keeping with the Jane Austen spirit was the demure simplicity of the bride's dress, of heavy white satin, with short puffed sleeves and a plain bodice set off by an amethyst-and-diamond brooch given her by the bridegroom. She wore a little veil with tiny silver flowers and carried a bouquet of pink roses and lilies of the valley. After lunch the happy pair were cheered on their way to Denmark, where good baroque and the gaiety of Copenhagen await them.

MRS. BRIAN MOUNTAIN *is the attractive wife of Mr. Brian Mountain, son of Sir Edward and Lady Mountain, and was Miss Doris Lamb. Her children,* DENIS, FLEUR, *and baby* NICHOLAS, *faced the camera with her, and Nicholas's toy dog came too.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

. . . . . .

Though one of the characters in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" says "the majority is always wrong. The confounded compact, liberal majority," it really was somewhat disconcerting for a convinced balletomane to hear the vociferous reception given to "Checkmate" at its first production at Sadler's Wells! We all know that youth at that theatre makes a corner in enthusiasm, as it were, but even they surpassed themselves, and it must have been most gratifying to all concerned. Still, some of us thought this last ballet was not quite such a happy effort, and is not likely to keep popular favour as long as, say, "Façade," which seems perennially fresh and witty.

The costumes were designed by McKnight Kauffer, and he was particularly happy in his Black Queen and the other chess-pieces on her side. The Red Pawns were not quite so successful and decorative-looking. The music by Arthur Bliss was rhythmic and forcible, and it was by no means a dull show, though one did not altogether approve of the *tout ensemble*.

. . . . . .

There is likely to be a big gathering of well-knowns in the art world at to-morrow's private view of paintings by Mr. J. B. Manson at the Wildenstein Galleries, which opens to the public on Friday, Oct. 15. Mr. Manson holds a unique position in the art world. He is the only Director of a National Art Gallery to establish at the same time an important reputation as a painter. Before he joined the staff of the Tate Gallery in 1912 he was already well known as an artist, and he has exhibited regularly ever since. His career is definitely romantic, for he began to study art at the age of seventeen, when he was working in a bank for a salary of £1 a week, and as soon as he was twenty-one he gave up his job and went to Paris, where he worked at Julian's.

The engagement of MISS PATRICIA HARRISON, *daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison, of King's Walden Bury, Hitchin, and Mr. John Nevill, Life Guards, elder son of Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach-Nevill, of Uckfield House, Sussex, has been announced.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

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Salzburg seems to have made smart London familiar with things Austrian, to judge by the way in which people joined in "Trink, Trink, Brüderlein Trink" when sung by the Tyrolean cabaret at the opening gala of the May Fair. This boisterous kind of entertainment—with *schulplatters* and piercing yodels and cow-bell music—was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The party brought by the Austrian Minister enthusiastically supported the artists in these national diversions. Lord Stanley of Alderley had a large table, with his sister, Pamela Stanley, better known at the moment as "Queen Victoria."

MARIEGOLD.

The HON. ANTOINETTE PRESTON, *the only daughter of the late Viscount Gormanston and of Viscountess Gormanston, is engaged to Mr. Peter Lunn, elder son of Mr. and Lady Mabel Lunn.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THIS "BELL-HOP"—FOR CLIMBING THE LADDER OF FAME IN A SNAKE'S SUIT.

WHEN playing Snakes and Ladders, the former don't help you to get up the latter, but the charming appearance of the young girl who wore a PAGE BOY'S SUIT IN SNAKE-SKIN at the Shoe and Leather Fair at the Agricultural Hall enabled her to put her foot on the ladder of fame by photography!

DAPHNE BANKS, the twenty-one-year-old daughter of Leslie Banks, the distinguished actor, has been working on mural paintings for the new decoration scheme of the Players' Theatre. She is seen finishing her reconstruction of Evans's Supper Club, the famous old theatrical rendezvous.

MISS DAPHNE BANKS—FOR RE-CREATING EVANS'S SUPPER ROOMS' CELEBRITIES FOR THE PLAYERS' THEATRE.

MR. ROBERT TAYLOR, the world-famous film-actor, has to perform a number of athletic feats in his first British film, "A Yank at Oxford," now being shot by British M.-G.-M. at Denham. He is seen finishing most convincingly in an Inter-Varsity relay race "at Oxford."

MR. ROBERT TAYLOR—FOR FINISHING FIRST IN THE LAST LAP OF AN INTER-VARSITY RELAY RACE AT OXFORD IN THE DENHAM STUDIOS.

THIS FAIR ANGLER—FOR SHOOTING FISH UNDER WATER WITH A HARPOON SPRING GUN.

THE latest pastime which international sportsmen and sportswomen can enjoy on the Riviera combines the pleasures of swimming and the thrills of hunting, as it consists of DIVING AFTER FISH AND SHOOTING THEM WITH A HARPOON SPRING GUN.

MR. J. B. MANSON *(here seen in a self-portrait)*—FOR BEING THE HEAD OF THE TATE AND EXHIBITING THIS "TÊTE."

MR. J. B. MANSON, the Director of the Tate Gallery, is an artist. He is holding an exhibition at the Wildenstein Galleries from October 15 to November 10—his first one-man show since he took over the directorship in 1930. A self-portrait will be on view.

MISS GILLIAN MAUDE, who is playing in "Bonnet Over the Windmill," cut her face with a rusty nail. The curative lotion stained her skin purple, so she wore a yashmak to lunch and go to the play.

MISS GILLIAN MAUDE—FOR UN-DYE-ING SUCCESS IN WEARING A YASHMAK AT THE BERKELEY AND AT THE THEATRE WHEN SHE WENT TO THE PLAY AS A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE.

THE ANXIOUS MOMENT.

About a mile and three-quarters of benching at Olympia last week was occupied by 3000 dogs barking for a Kennel Club show prize. Here is one of the judges, DR. W. ANDERSON, *at work on a bulldog.*

Left: *The* SALUKIS *were judged by* COL. A. S. MARRIOTT.

MRS. P. HUTH *judging* MRS. A. A. VLASTO'S *Borzoi, Alesha of Addlestone, which she placed second.*

Left: MISS ANNE PAGET *watching the judging with her Staffordshire bull-terrier, Ibstock Buffy.*

A careful study of the catalogue.

DR. W. ANDERSON *judging another bulldog.*

MRS. MURRAY WILSON'S *two poodles were exquisitely soignée.*

"LE LION AMOUREUX": LICHINE'S LA FONTAINE INSPIRED BALLET.

"Le Lion Amoureux," the new ballet, to music by Karol Rathaus, with choreography by Lichine, which was produced at Covent Garden last week as the final bonne bouche of the de Basil season there, is inspired by one of the fables of La Fontaine. Here the Lion (LICHINE) *falls in love with the picture of the Queen* (NIKITINA).

The Lion, having come to Court, falls hop

The Lion (LICHINE) *is easily trapped*

Left: A close-up of LICHINE, *as the King of Beasts delivered into captivity through his love for the Queen.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

One of LICHINE'S *most striking dances as the Lion. He leaps against a great shield.*

ssly in love with the Queen (NIKITINA).

en he falls in love with the Queen.

Right: LICHINE *not only dances brilliantly as the Lion, but does some clever feline miming.*

Y BARON.

CELEBRITY PICTURE GALLERY.

British lawn tennis stars are seen after inspecting the Rocket streamliner of the Rock Island Lines in St. Louis, Mo., when en route for California. Our group shows the MISSES JOAN INGRAM, KAY STAMMERS, EVELYN DEARMAN, FREDA JAMES, RUTH MARY HARDWICK, *and* MARGOT LUMB. *Miss Stammers and Miss James defeated Miss Helen Jacobs and Miss Dorothy Workman in the final of the women's doubles of the Pacific Coast Championships.*

LADY COOK, *wife of Sir Thomas Cook, Bt., M.P., great grandson of the founder of the famous firm, is a keen sportswoman. She is a good shot and is Joint-Master, with Sir Thomas, of the North Norfolk Harriers.*

MR. S. M. STEWART'S AIREDALE, SHELTEROCK MERRY SOVEREIGN, *was adjudged to be the best dog in the Kennel Club Show, and is here seen with the coveted trophy—the Kennel Club Challenge Cup.*

LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH *and* LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND - HAY, *the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, wore smart little hats when they went to a dress show.*

The christening of the infant son of LORD REAY, *the tallest peer, Chief of the Clan Mackay, and* LADY REAY, *took place at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. The baby, who bears the title of* MASTER OF REAY, *received the names of* HUGH WILLIAM.

YODELLERS AT THE MAY FAIR.

A popular restaurant must have a good cabaret these days. Last week the May Fair Hotel had a gay gala with the opening performance of the PRAXMAIR TYROLEANS FROM KITZBÜHEL. *Guests danced Austrian country dances begun by members of the new cabaret in their bright national dress, and yodelled and joined in the lieder. This band comes from a small hotel at Kitzbühel, and includes all sorts of localites, such as the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker.*

LADY O'NEILL, *orchidaceous, at supper.*

A table with (l. to r.) MR. JAMES AKERS-DOUGLAS, MR. JOCK BACKHOUSE, MRS. JAMES AKERS-DOUGLAS, LORD SUIRDALE, *and* MRS. JOCK BACKHOUSE.

LORD NORTHESK *(right) with* LORD *and* LADY NORMANTON.

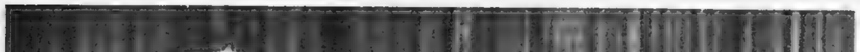
EMILIO COLOMBO, *famous band leader and violinist, played to* LADY DUFFERIN AND AVA, *who had pale blue sleeves on her white satin dress.*

MR. T. BOSVILLE; *with* LADY NORTHESK *in flowered chiffon. She was Miss Elizabeth Vlasto.*

A CIRCUS AS CABARET: GLAMOUR GIRLS AS ARTISTES

The BEAUTY CIRCUS Cabaret at Grosvenor House is a most original entertainment. Every night the Silver Restaurant is transformed into the semblance of the "Big Top" of a circus; with Fred Emney as Ringmaster. Tallulah the Tiger (JACQUELINE GATELEY) is emerging from her cage. She and the trainers are members of the GEORGIE HALE GLAMOUR GIRLS TROUPE

GRACE LINN, *an American society débutante, now with the Georgie Hale Glamour Girls, in her "Bird of Paradise" dress.*



Three little maids who wait on the circus "animals." They are JUDY PUCK, PRUDENCE HAYES, *and* MARGARET JAMES.

Right: CHARLINE HARKINS, *daughter of a Choctaw Red Indian Chief named Blue Cloud, and herself an Indian Princess, as the Bull.*

AND AS PERFORMING ANIMALS IN MODERN "BIG TOP" DÉCOR.

BILLIE BERNICE, *Captain of the Georgie Hale Glamour Girls, in her Herald's Costume for the Beauty Circus.*

The Peacock (CHARLINE HARKINS) *standing outside her gilded cage surrounded by admiring birds.*

The Matador (JACQUELINE GATELEY) *giving the coup de grâce to the Bull* (CHARLINE HARKINS) *in the bull-fight number.*

Left: GRACE LINN *takes the part of the Polar Bear in the cabaret of the circus.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

WE are now getting well into the early winter season, and the time has come for some assessments. Mr. Priestley is obviously the man of the autumn. He is somewhat lonely in taking the West End theatre seriously, and, to its credit, the West End has returned the compliment by crowding to his "Time Pieces," as they might be called, at the Royalty and the Duchess. Otherwise, we have been getting pretty light stuff, or else the grim and grisly article. The Gate Theatre naturally seeks to keep its standard of serious and unusual work, and Mr. Ross Williamson's play on Gladstone was a sensible retort to the present tendency which idealises Queen Victoria, beams on Beaconsfield, and turns the Grand Old Man into Gradiose Old Geyser, Fraud, and Fusspot. We may be grateful to Mr. Williamson for pointing out that what Gladstone said in eighty-this or eighty-that, was often humorous, humane and sensible, as well as sonorous.

"THE LAST STRAW," at the Comedy, according to Sherriffs. Little Wolfe Guldeford (MARIUS GORING) had a very unhappy time at the old school. He was a sensitive, friendly boy, and it amused the insensitive to twist his arm, and to bury him, clad in a winding-sheet, while still only half-dead.

At Oxford Wolfe was always in the way of having his beautiful possessions and his beautiful soul knocked about like this.

But we come back to the Grim and Grisly, which seems to be eternally popular. "THE LAST STRAW," at the Comedy, is a hair-raising, teeth-chattering affair by Messrs. Edward Percy and Reginald Denham. Dramatic critics must now sup with horror so often that a date with a corpse is as familiar a matter to them as a dish of tripe and onions or a kipper, and not always quite as agreeable. We professional playgoers are accordingly by no means a good audience for authors who are trying to make us shiver and shake by putting a body in a box, leaving us to doubt whether it is alive or dead, and setting innocent members of the cast to gather round the ominous trunk and fiddle with the lock.

The mode now is to give these affairs a psychological aspect. Murderers on the stage have ceased to be criminal brutes and gallows-fodder; they are clinical cases whose proper place is not a cell or a scaffold, but a niche in a mental home. In this play, Wolfe Guldeford, an Oxford æsthete, long of hair and short of patience, addicted to concoction of magic and spells and curious smells, is the new type of homicide because he is so nearly a homicidal maniac. He dopes and boxes up one of the "hearties" who treat his incense-odorous room as their bear-garden and make Wolfe the bear for their baiting. It does not do to take this sort of play too seriously. That is why a certain kind of confusion arises. The plot is melodramatic, but the psychology and the acting are not. They aim at a serious study of the warped mind. But while the study is serious, the story is not—or, at least, it can hardly be taken so. The removal of a drugged undergraduate in a trunk from an Oxford college to a cottage in the marshes is bound to be a bit "sixpenny-shockery," and is likely to evoke the kind of mood in which the audience is as prone to nervous laughter as to nervous tremors.

But the acting of Miss Lucie Mannheim and Mr. Marius Goring, and the general portraiture of the frantic young homicide are so good as to make one expect a rather more plausible story. At any rate, as we learned in the case of "Satyr," Mr. Goring is amply clever enough to get away with a score of murders presented as psychological cases. "The Last Straw," however, should provide his last straws-in-the-hair part for some time. Let him recover his wits. He has a right to normal and even nice parts for a year or so. Let me add that, if to be kept on tenterhooks (what, by the way, exactly is a tenterhook?) is your idea of a good night out, the Comedy Theatre is now functioning efficiently as a tenterhookery-nook.

Mr. Anmer Hall and Lord Longford have been presenting the Dublin Gate Theatre players in a "stock" season at the Westminster. A new play added to their bill was "YOUTH 'S A SEASON?", by Miss Mary Manning, whose object is to remind us that intellectual Dublin is not just a city full of men with beards poring over Gaelic grammars and trying to master the lingo which their Government assures them is their native tongue. Miss Manning depicts a species of Dublin life in which heavy, hearty blokes back from Kenya mix with pale and epicene artists in a kind of sub-Bloomsbury squalor. The second act of Miss Manning's play shows a studio party which becomes a fairly rough house, as well as offering a lively view of most unlovely people. Youth may or may not be a season made for joy. Miss Manning opines that it is not, and ends up with one of those nice, clean, successful self-shootings which habitually get rid of nasty, dirty, unsuccessful men in plays. In this case there is some elaborate tosh about the suicidal one having just murdered his "alter ego," who followed him about in the form of a quizzical mute and would have got on anybody's nerves.

By great good luck the main instigator of his miseries had, from his earliest boyhood, been Dick Seele (ANDRE MORELL), so—

-what simpler than to inject a numbing concoction into the creature's veins, pack him in a trunk, and pop him into a deep, muddy pit in the Kent marshes, where Wolfe owned a completely detached hovel?

But you need not gulp down this little dose of psychology, or symbolism, or what you will, in order to appreciate the clatter and craziness of the party scene. Miss Manning certainly has a knack for bringing on the stage a comprehensively crazy gang whose members are only daft "nor'-nor'-west," as Hamlet would have said, and can consequently prevent the lack-wit mood from becoming a mere gibbering. There is method in this madness. But not, unfortunately, much method in the performance of it, which contains a fair share of amateurish touches, over-emphasis, and faulty articulation. Miss Betty Chancellor's performance has far the most technical control, and stands out high above the others. The rest are engaged in revealing, rather crudely, the miseries (sober and otherwise) of young "arty" and intellectual Dublin. One gathers that in Dublin, as in New York, Moscow, London, and other cities known to dramatists, Youth 's a Stuff that 's not to be Endured. Well, perhaps it is the case. Still, there is a case for cheering up sometime and not assuming that every young person who ever reads a book is turned into a moping owl. Of course, misery assists the dramatist, and we are well used to those One-and-Twenty Blues. But Miss Manning is happier, I think, with mirth. Her second act is her best. The studio party has a fine and vital absurdity, and the stiffness of the acting is here overcome by the swirl of movement and the flight of folly.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

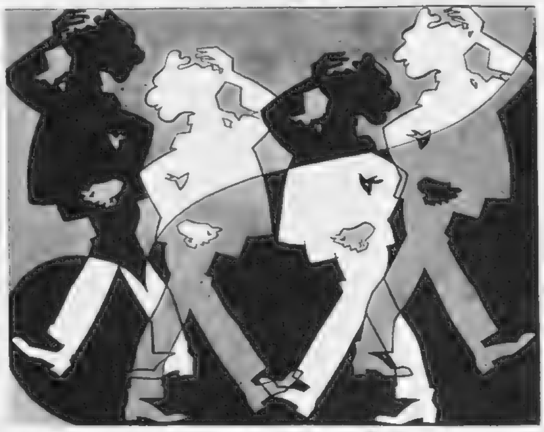
By MICHAEL ORME.

THE new " musical " at the Regal, " YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING," a Darryl F. Zanuck production, directed by Norman Taurog, is based on an original story by Gregory Ratoff. Now, this excellent character-actor proved his mettle as an author by spinning a lively yarn for " Café Metropole," another Twentieth Century-Fox picture recently shown at the Gaumont. But it is one thing to give free rein to comic invention in a more or less " straight " piece, and another to devise a flexible chain whose business it is to link up stage shows and variety turns after the prevailing fashion of the moment. For Hollywood is, at present, all for justifying its song-and-dance interpolations, and has therefore imposed a formula on its writers that is not easy to vary to any great extent. Mr. Ratoff, at any rate, seems to have been put off his stroke by the necessity for keeping the crazy Ritz Brothers in constant employment, and switching his plot continually back to the theatre, where rehearsals finally give way to a song-scena set in the frozen North. The best he has been able to do takes the unexciting form of a romance between a penniless little girl who, worthy descendant of Edgar Allan Poe, no less, writes serious problem dramas, and a successful musical comedy-writer whose life is complicated by a formidable vamp. Routed by the latter, the girl triumphs when her " uplift " play has been artfully transformed into frothy entertainment. The Ritz Brothers dodge in and out of the action, ostensibly the mercurial messengers of Charles Winninger, a harassed impresario, but actually engaged in exploiting their Marxian methods in a series of vocal acrobatics and one really funny interlude as a trio of charladies sleuthing the heroine. Furthermore, there are Alice Faye, adding to her youthful charm a small, throaty, but not unpleasant voice; Don Ameche, an agreeable " playboy " hero; Louise Hovick, a handsome vamp; Rubinoff and his fiddle; bands and lovely ladies on the stage. If you want a good story on top of all this—well, " you can't have everything."

But Mrs. Duveen (LUCIE MANNHEIM), his temporary tenant, had overstayed her lease a little, and her presence upset his plans and equilibrium. He scoured the neighbourhood for whisky, and—

—in his absence John Duveen (TOM GILL), a stepson, impudently opens the trunk, and when the trunk was opened — well, well!

No gallant hero of fairy-tale, determined to win high honours and the hand of the king's daughter, was ever set more arduous tests than is George Brent in " THE GO - GETTER " (New Gallery). The classic number of tests devised by monarch or ogre—and Charles Winninger, head of a big lumber concern, is a little bit of both — is, as every child will tell you, three. So Mr. Brent, ex-seaman in the U.S. Navy, who owes a wooden leg to the disaster of the *Macon*, is submitted to a trio of trials before he settles down in a fine job and matrimony. It might have been interesting to watch him disposing of inferior timber and the left-overs of the lumber-yard—trial No. 1. But we have to take his phenomenal success for granted, to be richly compensated by trials No. 2 and No. 3, the former a desperate business of securing a worthless vase within a couple of hours, the latter an even more desperate return from a liner on the high seas in time to settle a strike at the saw-mills. Accepted as an up-to-date fairy-tale, this incredible yarn is quite good fun, though it takes some time to get into its stride. Charles Winninger roars his way through it as the peppery but golden-hearted lumber-king who regards himself as omnipotent and the chiefs of departments as so many nincompoops. He plays the part for all it is worth, and a trifle more, whilst Anita Louise decorates the story with her blonde beauty as a king's daughter should. That is all that is required of her, for the dramatic conflict resides wholly in the go-getter's efforts to fulfil his patron's extraordinary demands, which, were it not that fortune favours the brave, would certainly lie beyond the power of any man, let alone a cripple. But, fortified by the motto on his presentation watch, " It shall be done," George Brent proves that he is of the bulldog breed with an earnestness that, under the circumstances, commands our admiration.



Wolfe returns, the very pattern of hysteria, tottering in all directions and stepping smartly out of his own way. Mrs. Duveen confesses all, and—

Another little fairy-tale, this time from Vienna has come to Studio One, where it shares an exceptionally well-planned programme with that fine film of life on a lonely Scottish island, "The Edge of the World," which well deserves this second showing. The Viennese musical romance borrows its title from a famous Strauss waltz, "G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD" (" Tales from the Vienna Woods "), and catches in the meshes of its charming fabric all the gaiety, the sentiment, and the lilt of its *leit-motif*. The story concerns the escapade of two girls, one an American millionairess, Mary Limford, the other an obscure little journalist, Milli. Taking a hint from Sheridan, the girls change places, and Milli, the supposed possessor of fabulous wealth, is singled out as a possible buyer of young Count Waldheim's heavily mortgaged castle by one Schopf, the mortgagee. A more genial collector of debts than Schopf, in the ample person of Leo Slezak, one could not hope to meet. He wants his money, and is determined to pair off the Count, a motor-mechanic, with the rich Miss Limford, all unwittingly playing fairy godmother to his protégé and Milli. Mr. Slezak, a good-natured giant who sings and yodels delightfully, and has a fund of mellow humour at his command. He dominates the picture, radiating *bonhomie*, but Magda Schneider and Wolf Albach-Retty, as the lovers, are a light-hearted and delightful couple; whilst a newcomer, Truus Atten, draws a singularly attractive and dainty portrait of Miss Limford. The director, Georg Jacoby, weaves the glamour of Old Vienna round and about his theme.

—Wolfe takes aim at himself, but, wretched marksman that he is, misses himself. However, Morell still lives; Wolfe retires to a sanatorium for a year, and emerges hearty and healthy, and marries Mrs. Duveen; and that's the last straw!

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XXXVI.

"CHECKMATE"—THE NEW CHESS BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS.

Right: "CHECKMATE," *the new Ninette de Valois ballet to music by Arthur Bliss, had its first London performance at Sadler's Wells last week. The Prologue shows the Two Players* (JOY NEWTON *and* FREDERICK ASHTON) *at the start of a game of chess. They are Love and Death, fighting for the lives of their subjects.*

Below: JUNE BRAE *gives an exceptionally fine performance as the Black Queen, and is shown in her war-dance. The Red King* (ROBERT HELPMANN) *and the Red Queen* (PAMELA MAY) *are in the background. The costumes and décor are by E. McKnight Kauffer.*

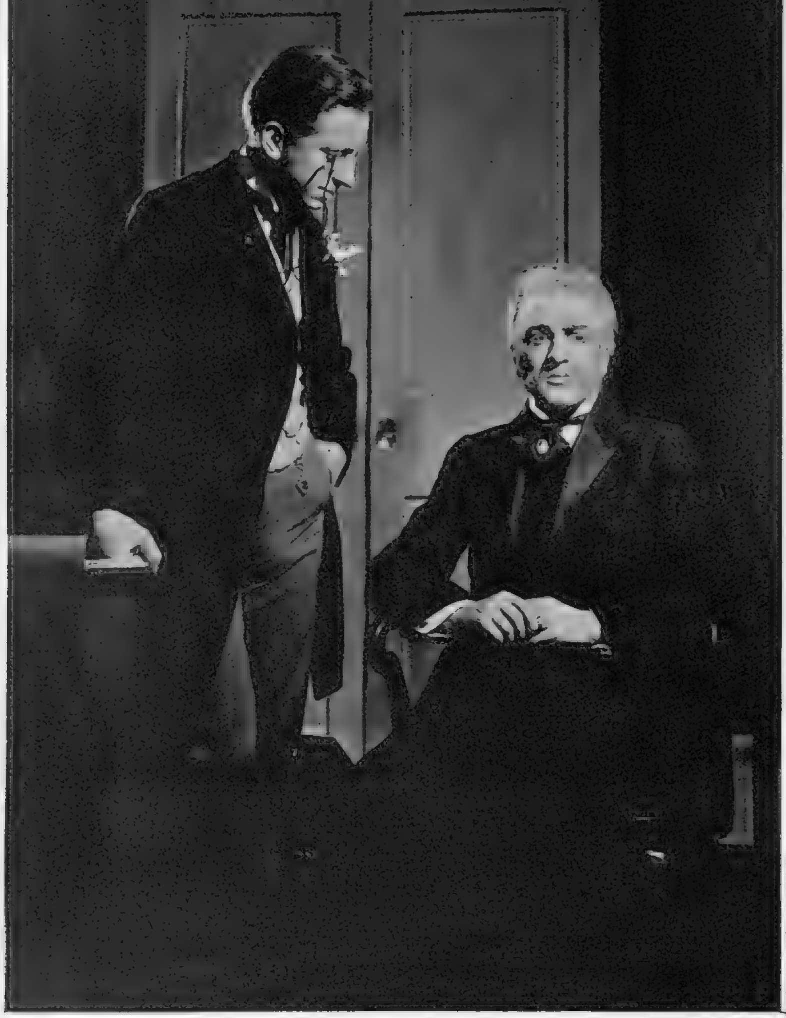
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERLYN SEVERN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM STUDIO.

LYNN FONTANNE
AS THE MOTHER OF HERCULES.

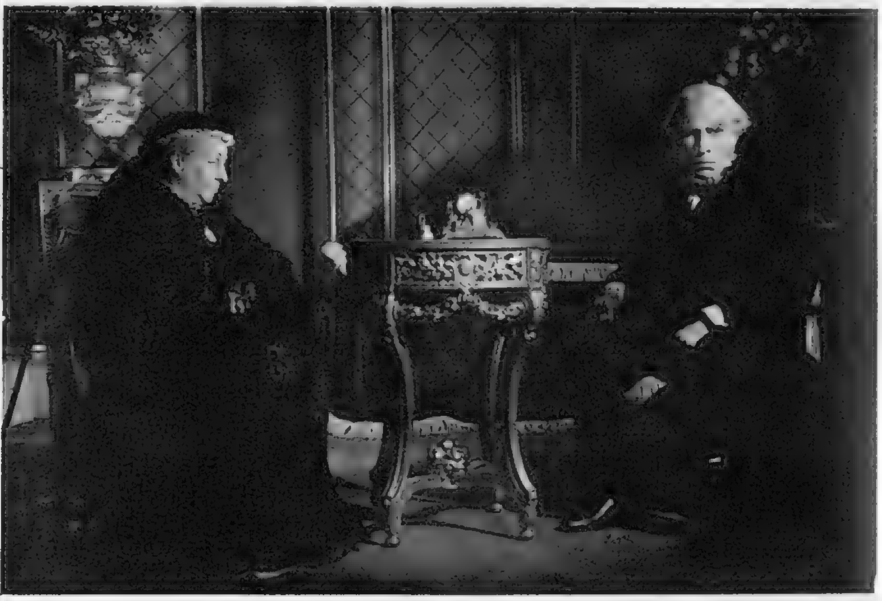
LYNN FONTANNE *plays Alcmena in* "AMPHITRYON 38," *the English version of Jean Giraudoux's modernised play on the classic theme, due for production in New York on November 2. On our front page we show Alfred Lunt and Richard Whorf as Jupiter and Mercury. Doubtless "Sketch" readers need no reminder that Alcmena was the wife of Amphitryon and that she was loved by Jupiter and gave birth to the demi-god Hercules.*

"MR. GLADSTONE" — AT THE GATE.

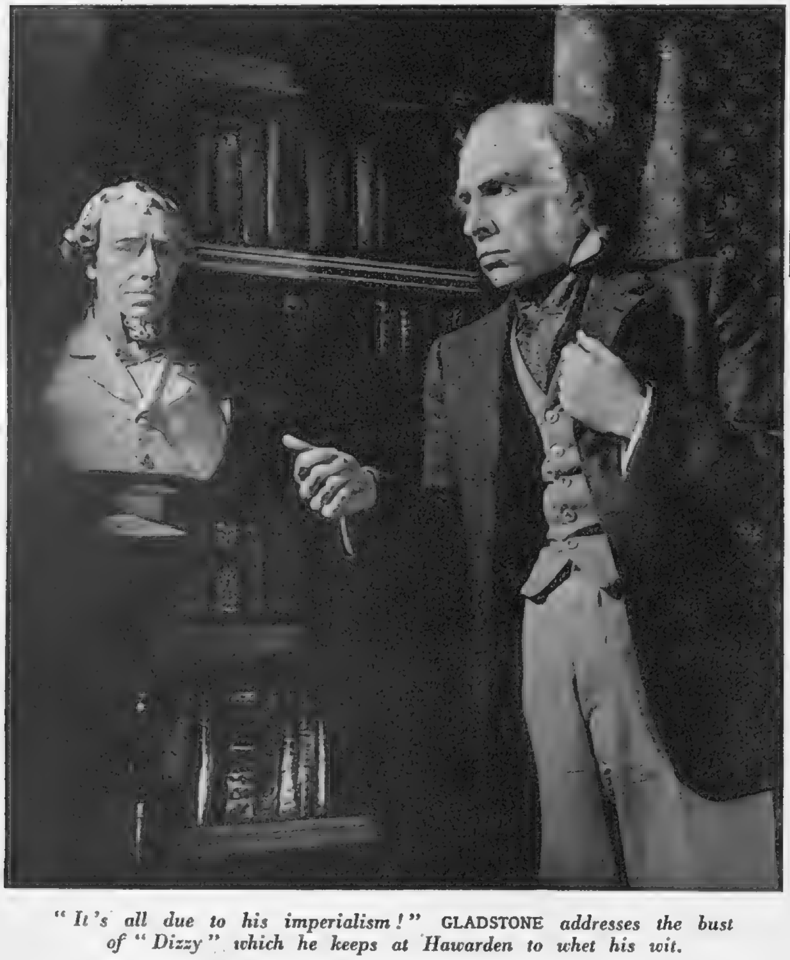


"*You understand your instructions?*" JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN *(John Abbott) questioning* GENERAL GORDON *(Reginald Beckwith) after he has been told to evacuate the Sudan completely without causing a panic. A scene from the new Victorian play, "Mr. Gladstone," at the Gate Theatre.*

LORD HARTINGTON *(A. Scott-Gatty; left) gets worked up at a private Cabinet meeting over the old question of Ireland. With him are* WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE *(William Devlin) and Joseph Chamberlain.*



QUEEN VICTORIA *(Josephine Middleton) gladly dismisses Gladstone after many years of service.*



"*It's all due to his imperialism!*" GLADSTONE *addresses the bust of "Dizzy" which he keeps at Hawarden to whet his wit.*

Right: "DIZZY"—LORD BEACONSFIELD *(Alan Wheatley)—takes a sad and affectionate farewell of his Queen.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

The new Winter Fur Collections are crowded with boleros made of every Fur from Squirrel to Mink. The one above is of superb Russian Ermine—dyed either café or beige, 139 Gns. In Persian Lamb for daytime wear - - 79 Gns.
Mink - - - - 259 Gns.
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"EXCLUSIVE"—THE YELLOW-PRESS DRAMA FOR THE PLAZA.

"EXCLUSIVE," the Paramount picture due at the Plaza on October 15, is a drama of the American "Yellow Press." Vina (FRANCES FARMER) sees Horace Mitchell (RALPH MORGAN) kill himself after reading the exposure of his past which she has written. Mrs. Swain (FAY HOLDEN) and Tod Swain (CHARLIE RUGGLES) are the other horrified spectators.

Tod Swain (CHARLIE RUGGLES) arrives back in the office of "The World" after having been fatally wounded by Gillette's gang. He dies, supported by Vina (FRANCES FARMER) and Ralph (FRED MacMURRAY).

After a "merry" evening, Tod Swain (CHARLIE RUGGLES) shuts himself in the refrigerator to see if the light goes out when the door is closed!

Ralph Houston, assistant editor of "The World" (FRED MacMURRAY), and Vina Swain (FRANCES FARMER) are in love.

Charles Gillette (LLOYD NOLAN) and one of his henchmen read the exposure of their misdeeds.

Thrilling scenes mark the "rush" delivery of the edition of "The World," which contains the exposure of Gillette's gang.

The enraged citizens wreck the office of "The Sentinel," the scurrilous newspaper owned by Gillette's gang.

Colour harmony
New colours, new fashions, new faces for this, the new autumn season. Colour combinations are more subtle than ever for day, more brilliant and daring for night. Come to Elizabeth Arden to learn what cosmetics to wear with the new violet blues, the new black greens, the browns, the reds, the marvellous contrasts of bright colour with black. Ask her expert assistants what cosmetics you should wear with the glitter and gaiety of the new evening mode. Elizabeth Arden's principles of colour harmony have always been important to women who dress with distinction. This season they are absolutely essential.
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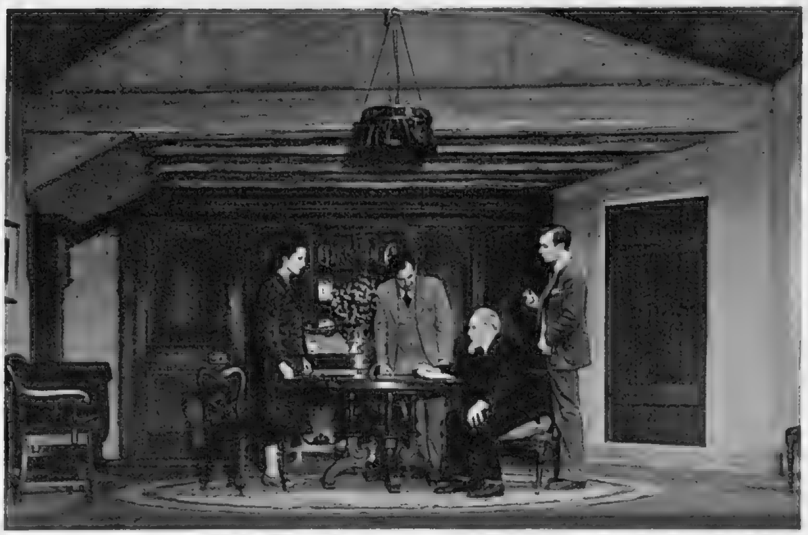
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S THREE CURRENT PLAYS.

"I'M A STRANGER HERE," *at the Civic Theatre, Bradford: Miriam Pick* (KATHERINE MORLEY) *and Carle Velburg* (E. A. HAWTIN) *make a suicide pact aboard the steamship "Zillah." Miriam is an actress's maid, and Carle, through lack of nationality or passport, is condemned to travel by steamship interminably. This play was performed at Bradford for one night only. It may come to London later.*



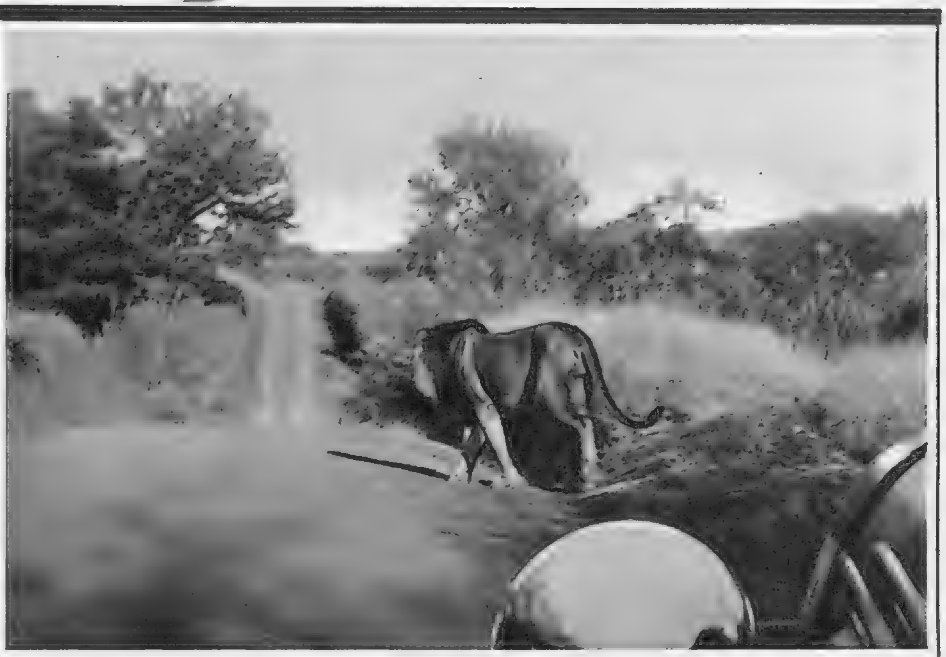
"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE," *at the Royalty: Dr. Gortler, in the "Black Bull," explains his theory that life repeats itself over and over again. He has come to the inn to prevent a recurrence of a tragedy. L. to r., Janet Ormund* (PATRICIA HILLIARD), *Walter Ormund* (WILFRID LAWSON), *Dr. Gortler* (LEWIS CASSON), *and Oliver Farrant* (WILLIAM FOX).

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE": *Dr. Gortler persuades the deceived husband, Walter Ormund, not to repeat tragedy by suicide; and the latter regains a measure of happiness after a long period of neurotic condition.*

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS," *at the Duchess: On an autumn night in 1919, Kay's twenty-first birthday. The war is over and the Conways look forward to a brilliant future; though Kay has a prophetic vision. L. to r.: Alan* (RAYMOND HUNTLEY), *Kay* (JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON), *Carol* (EILEEN ERSKINE), *Hazel* (ROSEMARY SCOTT), *and Joan Helford* (HELEN HORSEY).

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS": *Ten years later the Conways' lives have taken a course very different from what they expected. L. to r.: Kay is a hack reporter instead of a best-seller novelist; Alan has done nothing; Robin* (ALEXANDER ARCHDALE) *has turned out a rotter, but is still his mother's* (BARBARA EVEREST) *favourite; and Madge* (MOLLY RANKIN) *is an embittered schoolmistress.*

SOUTH AFRICA



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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"WIDE BOYS NEVER WORK" is the story of a young man who loses his job at a motor-works and decides to become tough, or, to use what appears to be the slang equivalent in English, "wide." Jim Bankley is not an unusual type in fiction; a natural hooligan, but too idle to settle down either to crime or work. We meet his American counterpart in "Studs Lennigan," that dismal record of an existence passed between the curb-stone and the saloon; and he has a Scottish blood-brother in the "razor-king" hero of "No Mean City." He is a social problem: not, one hopes, quite such an important or pressing one as novelists represent him, but, from the very nature of the beast, difficult and unrewarding.

Jim Bankley v. Society.

Mr. Robert Westerby describes, in an eloquent passage, the sort of upbringing that falls to the lot of Jim Bankley and his like. His family "cannot afford him"; his mother is far too busy to look after him; at school the harassed teacher, with forty-nine other brats on her hands, has "little time or patience left for imparting knowledge or character-building information"—

> Recreation consists of rushing about a stony yard like an animal, screaming and fighting, playing raggety games with a string-tied paper ball. Reading consists of "bloods." Lurid tales, improbable and silly, about carnage and bloodshed, carnage and priggishness, all in some mysterious way trying to prove the superiority of action and callousness.

Then come the "dangerous years" between thirteen and seventeen, when the boy's whole being is obsessed by sex—

> He can be influenced either way then. And Jim Bankley, naturally tough and hard, naturally lazy, happened to strike unlucky. . . . If he is tough, unsympathetic, and callous, if he is everything you dislike . . . well, it's just a damned shame. The sooner the pundits stop talking through the seats of their trousers about National Honour and Defence, and get around to doing something about children, giving them all an equal chance to learn something and do some good with it, the sooner the Jim Bankleys are going to disappear.
>
> You still don't like him? Well, all right then.

So much for Jim Bankley's case against his social environment. It seems pretty strong, but the author rather weakens it at the end of the book when he remarks—

> What can you do with boys like this? It isn't just environment, because you get Jim Bankleys everywhere, up and down the social scale. It is easy to say: "Oh, he's a pathological case; he is hopeless," and leave it at that. But you can't get away with it so easily, because it is all Wrong.

Original Sin?

I must confess that when we consider Jim's career, the simplest explanation of his behaviour seems to lie not in the influence of environment, but in the doctrine of Original Sin. His father and his brother were presumably exposed to the same environment, yet they did not "go wide"; they preferred the "mug's game"—work—with all its dullness; if, indeed, it is as appallingly dull as Jim thought. Mr. Westerby, I think, is guilty of painting the everyday world in excessively drab colours, in order to justify his hero's distaste for it. When Jim travelled up to London he saw—

> . . . two porters, aimless and bored, jauntily hatted weeds, drowned in uniforms, leaning on trolleys to stare disinterestedly . . . barmaids, bored and leaning slackly on the counter-top, weary to death of standing, of listening, of trains, of steam, of frocks that are going under the armpits, of cheap stockings, of travellers with dirty jokes, of bad wages and poor food . . . booking-clerks, pale and ill-looking, shiny buttocks perched on stools, huddled in dense fog with tickets for companions, tickets and boredom.

He may, of course, have seen all this, but I think he was unlucky to find the railway staff in such an unrejoicing mood. I have often come across prancing porters, bright, bouncing barmaids, buoyant booking-clerks; and I cannot refrain from asking, is not Jim's discontent merely a form of the neurasthenia, the incapacity for life, the acquiescence in boredom, from which so many of us suffer? What he saw was but a projection of his own dull exasperation. But let that pass. Jim took employment in a garage, as salesman, with a pound a week salary and a pound commission for every car sold. This may seem, at first glance, the very thing he dreaded, regular work. But it was not quite that. To begin with, this particular motor business involved any amount of cheating; to continue, Jim's real rôle was not salesman, but spy; he was to keep his friends, the Franks, posted as to the financial position of his boss, Mr. Swing, with a view to double-crossing him, later, at the dog-races. Jim passed on the information, and Swing, furious at the deception, turned nasty and raised a rough house, in which there was plenty of fighting, mostly foul. Jim then took service with the Franks as "tic-tac boy," a peculiarly ugly job even among the dog-racing

[Continued on page xxxii.

MISS SALLY SALMINEN, author of "Katrina," which was awarded the first prize in a Swedish-Finnish prize novel competition, has been described as "a literary Cinderella" whose own talents proved the magic wand that took her out of the kitchen, for when she entered the United States she was obliged to take work as a kitchenmaid in order to earn her living while writing her book. During her six years in the U.S.A. she taught herself to read, write, and speak English. "Katrina" is her first novel. She is a Finn, aged thirty, and is one of the twelve children of a poor sailor and farmer in the Aland islands.

"Who Would Have Daughters?" is the ironic title of the new novel by MARGUERITE STEEN, just published by Collins. She is the author of "Matador," "Stallion," and other distinguished novels, and her work has often appeared in the Christmas Numbers of "The Sketch" and of our sister-paper, "The Illustrated London News."

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THE

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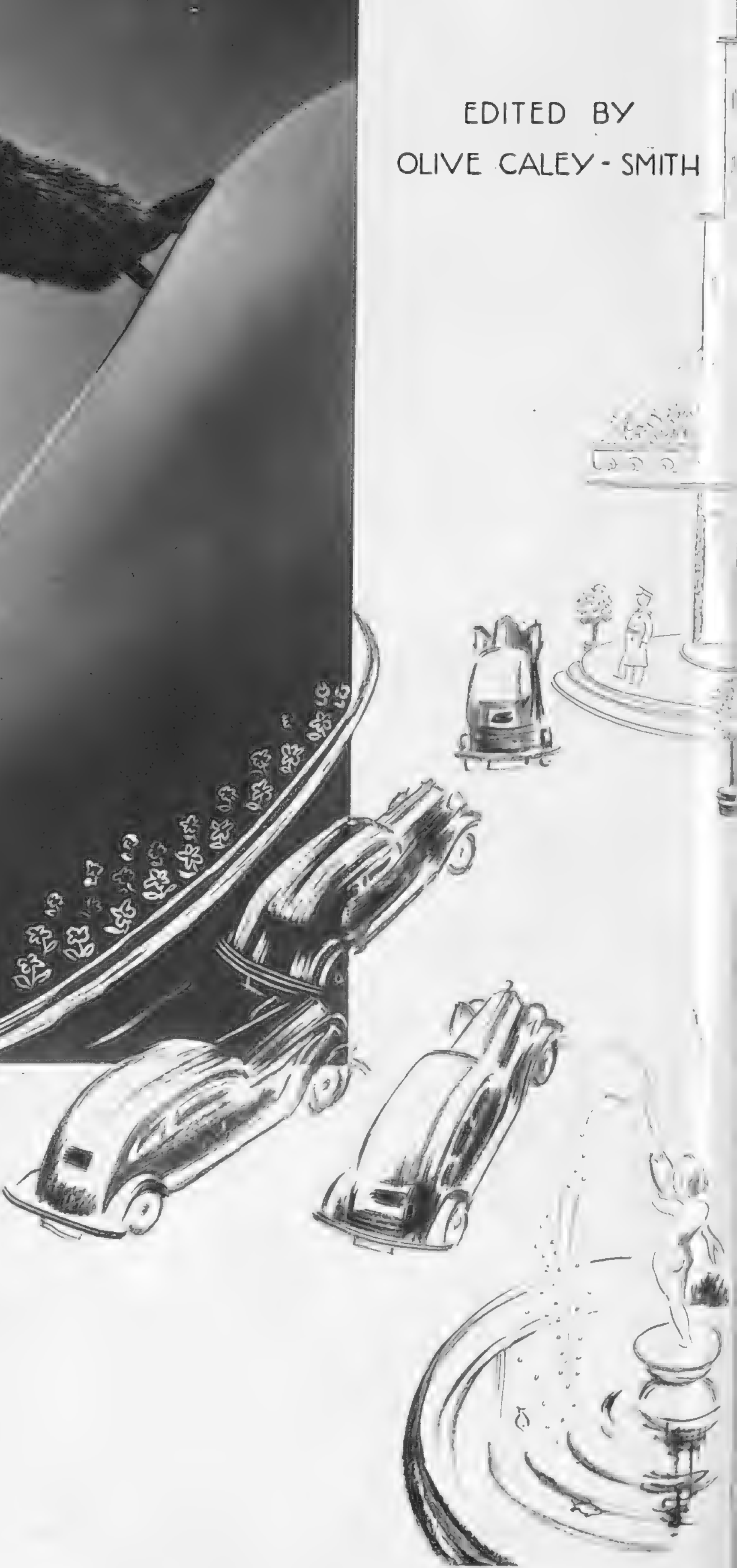


PRACTICABILITY is never enough for a woman. However utilitarian an object may be, she cannot be content unless it has some beauty of line or charm of colour. That is why modern cars have reached such a state of visual perfection and comfort. And that is also why, to-day, women can wear their loveliest clothes when motoring.

Here is one of the most novel and delightful coats of the season. It is of blue opossum, dark and soft and flattering, silvered with light hairs, and it looks rich enough to be first cousin to silver fox, though its cost is very much lower. Seven-eighths in length, it is full enough to hang grandly at the hem, the swing effect being heightened by the way in which the fur is gradually narrowed off as it rises to the neck. This coat comes from Revillon, of 180, Regent Street, W.

Their new collection is extraordinarily varied and interesting, and includes a number of leopard and beaver jackets that are ideal for travelling, as well as brown lamb coats which have the knack of looking equally well in town or in the country.

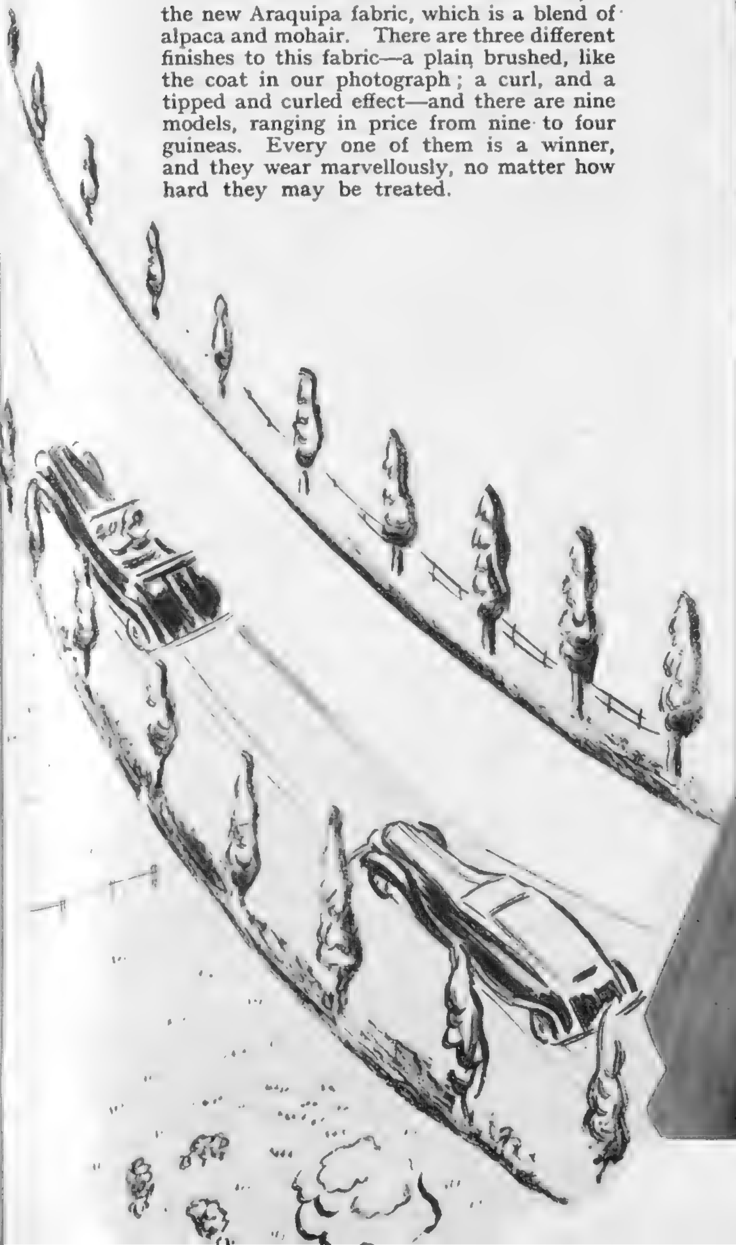
SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

WHAT EVERY MOTORIST OWES TO WOMEN

Their demand for luxury and beauty has influenced contemporary Designers

THE woman who drives, or is driven, in an open sports car demands a coat that will enable her to fit into the picture. Here on the right is one, faultless in detail, admirable in cut, and so light and warm that anybody might be excused for wanting to live in it.

It is one of the latest Motoluxe coats, in the new Araquipa fabric, which is a blend of alpaca and mohair. There are three different finishes to this fabric—a plain brushed, like the coat in our photograph; a curl, and a tipped and curled effect—and there are nine models, ranging in price from nine to four guineas. Every one of them is a winner, and they wear marvellously, no matter how hard they may be treated.



JOHN EVERARD

STAY - AT - HOME MULES and PARTY SLIPPERS

HERE is the very latest shoe news—and how good it is! Every woman knows that delicate shoes soon show signs of rubbing and begin to lose their shapeliness if they are worn for long in the house. Evening shoes with matching mules, ideal for the hostess who wants neither to spoil her party slippers nor to lessen the charm of her frock when she is indoors, are the solution, and Delman's, of 16, Old Bond Street, W., have provided it.

They are making evening shoes that are as perfect in detail as the most beautiful dress, and, exactly matching them, they are making mules which incorporate exactly the same principles of design and balance. Nothing could be more comfortable to wear. Nothing could be more elegant. Just a few of them are shewn in our photograph.

There is a new Shoe vogue, and it means both economy and elegance

If you want something that can be dyed to go with your frock, you will find models in white figured satin, piped with silver and set with multi-coloured diamanté rings. Or you will find winged models, graceful and light, made in satin and trimmed with silver or gold kid and contrasting stitching.

COMPLETELY practical, despite their luxurious air, are the silver kid mules and shoes with turned-back satin revers, which can be tinted to any shade, while their velvet and satin models, trimmed with stitching to match the gold tips at the toe, are in perfect accord with draped velvet dresses which are classic in their beauty of line.

Never have evening shoes been more important than they are this year, when the interest of nearly every frock is centred at the hem. Now is the time to buy and to enjoy dance shoes that are as bright as jewels and as light as thistledown.

As for the shoes that have been designed to go with winter suits and coats, you must see them for yourself to appreciate their subtlety of detail and the poise that is the result of scientifically perfect balance. Gros-grain is used extensively as trimming. High fronts are popular, and bags repeat exactly the colour, the material, and the design of the shoes they accompany. Clothes this season are so luxurious that they demand the most carefully-planned accessories, since any others would immediately ruin the whole ensemble.

Shoes and mules of figured satin, silver mules with turned-back satin revers, velvet and satin slippers tipped with gold, models studded with multi-coloured diamanté—who can wonder that evening skirts grow shorter? Slit, or draped, or lifted over the instep, they accent the feet, which must be very beautifully shod if one is to walk with confidence and easy grace. Balance as well as design must be perfect, for the longer back to the skirt frames the ankle with great precision.

Twin Sets for the Modern Hostess

1.27

Scent ? Yes !
Gloves ? Yes !
Hankies ? Yes !
Stockings ? Yes !
thank goodness
that's the lot ! . . .

exhaustedly
you sink
into a chair
whilst
the kind commissionaire
calls
your car . . .

how you revel
in
that cigarette
which
so perfectly completes
your feeling of
relief
and
relaxation.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"THAT 'S exactly what I said myself," declared the broker. "You can't believe a word you hear. And that 's the truth. What is one to do about it?"

"Why not believe all sides? That 's the line of least resistance."

"How can I? You walk into my office this afternoon, and tell me that the West End hotels and theatres and restaurants are full——"

"I can only give you my own experience."

"And this morning, I had a man here, sitting in that very chair, who said the dullness in Stock Exchange markets was being felt in shops, entertainments, all sorts of ways, throughout the country. What, I ask you, is one to believe?"

"Your own eyes," replied Our Stroller. "Take any industry you like: look up the latest official figures published about it, and judge for yourself whether you and your precious depression are so much as noticed outside your own circle."

"What official figures do you mean? Board of Trade Returns? Railway traffics? We know they are good, of course."

"Take the monthly figures of electricity units used; take motor-car registrations; take the rise in shipping freights; take the consumption of beer——"

"Isn't that rather offering the stock?" his partner hinted.

"Or look at the figures of the iron and steel and coal industries: the shipbuilding programmes——"

"Armaments," quoth the partner laconically.

"A small proportion, and not more. No doubt the rearmament has had a good deal to do with the encouragement of trade all round, but industry is now going ahead on its own, so to speak——"

"——on its own head? The world is topsy-turvy, we know, but I should have thought that industry stood on its feet: especially in the heavy trades."

"You make me tyred, as they say at the Motor Show. All I want to drum into your dull intelligence is that this country is very busy; and profitably busy, too. . . . I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

The office-boy, finding himself addressed, coloured furiously and in his agitation stuck the tape-prices upside-down on the pins.

"What did you say?" Our Stroller asked him.

The lad kept his face to the green-baize board and, without looking round—

"Not the Stockkerschange isn't busy, I said, Sir," he answered, and disappeared.

"He 's about right there," laughed the broker. "We 're horribly slack. There are times, you know, when it 's better to have shares than cash; there are other times when it 's better to have cash than shares."

"And a third lot of times when it 's better to have goods than either shares or money."

"Goods?"

"Things you can get some enjoyment or pleasure or tangible benefit from. Motors, if you like, or jewellery for your women-folk——"

"They tell me to buy diamonds and good jewellery as an investment," remarked the broker.

"A watch or two: decent clothes——"

The broker glanced at himself in the looking-glass. The partner drew his own feet further under the chair.

"You 're going on the old principle that if you are not making any money you may as well spend some."

"Why not? Aren't you entitled to get a certain amount of satisfaction out of your life?"

"That 's all very well up to a point," the broker admitted. "But you can easily carry that kind of thing too far. One doesn't get any younger, you know."

"I think it does you good to go to dinner and a show every now and then, particularly after you 've had a putrid day in the Stock Exchange," said his partner. "Makes you forget your troubles. It freshens you up."

"Though not always on the day immediately following. Besides, you can't go anywhere these days—or nights—without running into a few other House men. And you know what that means."

"Why not tell them you 're on the wagon?" Our Stroller suggested.

"You misunderstand me——"

"So do I," said his partner.

"It means that you simply talk shop——"

"Oh, no, it doesn't. Not if you make up your mind to forget it. You must remember that the other chap is just as keen as you are yourself to escape from the Stock Exchange atmosphere——"

"Which seems to be somewhat stuffy," remarked Our Stroller, as the trio entered the House by the New Court door. "What is that box arrangement up there? Do you have spotlight dances in the American Market?"

"That, my dear Sir, is one of five loud-speakers recently placed in various parts of the Stock Exchange to give warning, if necessary, ten minutes before an enemy air-raid is likely to reach the City."

"Oh, thanks. But I thought you had safe-deposits, or something of that sort, where you could shelter in an air-raid?"

"The Stock Exchange Managers have warned us that these are not suitable for hiding in during a raid——"

The broker was possibly unaware of the fact that the costly and complicated mechanism of the Strong Room is such that, upon all the doors being closed in the event of an emergency, the assembling of a crowd of men would rapidly exhaust the air.

"What is your Strong Room for if not to serve as a dug-out?" persisted Our Stroller.

"Our Strong Room is the perfectly safe deposit for millions upon millions of perfectly worthless German marks," retorted the broker.

"To say nothing of millions of pounds of Foreign Government bonds, whose value is highly problematical."

"That 's the worst of our market," a dealer complained. "We are the dumping-ground of securities that, honestly, you can't be sure are worth their present prices; or whether they are worth much more; or a good deal less. What can anyone say about Chinese bonds, for instance?"

"Some of the holders could say a good deal," replied a fellow jobber in the same market. "But I wouldn't care to be a broker who has to advise clients when they ask his views as to whether China bonds should be held or sold."

"He would be in the same quandary with a good many other Foreign bonds. The standard of what we used to consider international honesty has changed a good deal since we were unauthorised clerks."

"And because people realise that, they buy British. Small blame to them, either."

"The fall in base metals ought to be a bull point for the home engineering companies' shares. It was only a few months ago that we were being told how expensive these concerns found it to carry out their contracts."

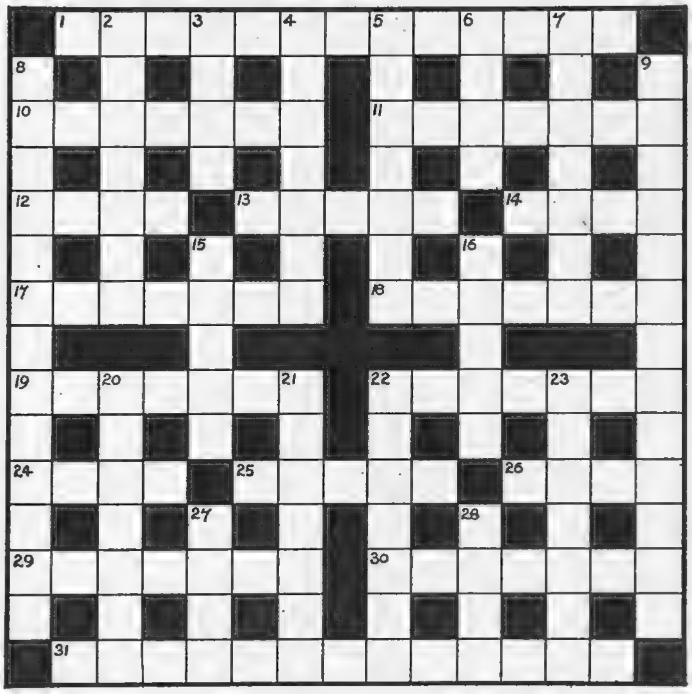
"There must be a good many companies in addition to the engineering, which will be thankful for the drop in copper and tin, lead and zinc, and so forth."

"The mining companies that produce the metals can't be so happy about the slump in copper and tin."

"Don't you think that the fall in the shares of things like Burma Corporation, for instance, has pretty well discounted the effect of the reaction in metals?"

[Continued on page xxx.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Ruined by the attraction of the greyhound track? (four words; 4, 2, 3, 4).
10. Alternately conservative eloquence (7).
11. Athletic contest for lawyers? (7).
12. Sheer delight for the choir (4).
13. Europeans at the ends of the earth (5).
14. Deriding obstacle (4).
17. Attacks (7).
18. Assistance for those who drink wine, perhaps (7).
19. A thorough wetting through lowering one's head (7).
22. Lyrical drama set to music (7).
24. River with an irregular tidal wave (4).
25. Chess pledges (5).
26. Smart corporal (4).
29. Pepys, for instance (7).
30. Separately in the way set out below (7).
31. Jams made of grouse and pheasants? (two words; 4,9)

DOWN.

2. Wild asses possibly range so (7).
3. Flower god (4).
4. Bearing a signature (7).
5. Evidently the fellow makes concoctions for the Israelites (7).
6. Pointed missile, but not in Devon (4).
7. Wild llama keeping company with a lizard (7).
8. Hardly the epithet for Savile Row tailoring (three words; 5, 3, 5).
9. A number of insect-breeders? (two words; 6, 7).
15. Handy advice concerning the garden (5).
16. Think (5).
20. Pointless feature of the Coronation (7).
21. Law-breaking gardener? (7).
22. To solicit votes (7).
23. To curtail the engineer's work (7).
27. Election bird (4).
28. Tributary of the Rhine (4).

This England . . .

Willy Lott's cottage in the Constable country (seen in the "Hay Wain," etc.)

"SOON ripe, soon rotten" is a scrap of country wisdom that does indeed apply to more than fruit. One sees the truth of it in many a man. John Constable, who immortalized a part of our English countryside, did his best work at near his fiftieth year—yet he was at his painting since a child. This slow maturing, like those Suffolk landscapes, is typically English—and you are thereby drawn to it. If, for example, you did not already know, you might guess that it is the patient, unhurried working to maturity that makes Worthington a rich delight—to you as to the men of Constable's day.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

IT is a thousand pities that there are only two ladies' championships, the British and English, in this country each year. That is an abiding reflection upon the recent English Ladies' Championship, so admirably won by Miss Wanda Morgan for the second year in succession, on the St. Enodoc links, in Cornwall. I could become almost lyrical about this championship and its venue, but this is an occasion for facts, not eulogies. However, I cannot help thinking that the progressive movement of the Ladies' Golf Union in taking their championships to courses which are not in the habit of housing such events is to be commended. In men's golf there is a rota for the Open and the Amateur Championships, and one can tell almost definitely where the event will be played five years hence. In ladies' golf, the rota is not so confined. The British Championship is decided in each of the four countries in turn, and the English Championship in each of the four quarters of the country alternately. Consequently, the ladies have far wider and truthfully more amusing venues for their championships.

MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN, *the ex-Test captain, went to Ranelagh to see* HIS WIFE *(Worplesdon; left) and* MISS CRADOCK-HARTOPP *(Cavendish), with a joint handicap of 12, playing in the "Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes.*

St. Enodoc must be numbered among these. The links originated in the enthusiasm of two Cambridge University undergraduates on holiday at Polzeath, who laid out their own golf-course by using crows' feathers instead of cutting holes. The eleventh green of that course, designed nearly fifty years ago, still exists, while most of the ground on which the original St. Enodoc course was designed is now occupied by houses. Most golfers know of St. Enodoc, but comparatively few number it among the courses for a grand golfing holiday. And yet, as the Ladies' Championship proved, the links can provide the utmost possible amusement, a thorough test of skill, and some of the finest scenery on the Cornish coast.

The Greatest Test of Courage.

The course is what one would call short in these days of 7000 yards and more as the standard for championships, for it measures only a little more than 6000 yards. But what a 6000 yards: with narrow fairways, small, well-guarded putting-greens, and carries over sandhills which surely are the most terrifying in British golf. There is one hole which I regard as the greatest test of skill and courage I have seen. That is the sixth hole, and it was there that Miss Morgan practically won the English Championship last week. Miss Madeleine Fyshe, a former Warwickshire champion, who was her opponent in the splendid final, held Miss Morgan in the first round, finished all square, and was making a good fight of it when the match came to that hole. It measures only 374 yards. The drive must be placed slightly to the right, and the second shot played over what I believe to be the highest carry over sandhills on any links in the country. Both players hit their drives correctly, perhaps a little too far to the right to make the blind second shot over the sandy desert easy, and it was not surprising, therefore, that both failed to clear the "Himalayas." Climbing the sandhill and looking like a lonely mountaineer, Miss Morgan, from a bad lie in the deep sand, played a wonderful recovery, clearing the top of the hill and almost reaching the green. Miss Fyshe was not so fortunate. From the stiff grass at the edge of the sand, she could only reach the top of the hill, and, just as any wise golfer would do in similar circumstances, picked up her ball. However, Miss Fyshe might have beaten a less courageous golfer than Miss Morgan, who is constantly enhancing her reputation as a match player. Miss Fyshe was three down with nine holes to play, and fought back so grandly that, had she not missed a shortish putt at the twelfth hole, she might have been all square with six to play. But actually that grand niblick from the terrifying bunker at the sixth hole was the decisive shot of the match.

MISS MERVYN BARTON *(right; Mid-Surrey) and* MISS PHYLLIS WADE *(Ferndown), with a joint handicap of 3, playing in the "Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh last week. It is the sixteenth year of that event.*

A New Generation.

One amazing feature was the temerity of Miss Gloria Minoprio in attempting to conquer such difficult links with a single iron club, and the greater surprise still was the fact that she was only beaten on the last green through missing a short putt. It was particularly pleasing to see so many young golfers distinguish themselves in this Championship, for, truth to tell, new blood is needed if British women golfers are to retain golfing supremacy. Miss Brenda Norris, the Sussex champion, was one of the outstanding among the younger generation at St. Enodoc. She brought about the big surprise of the opening round when she defeated Miss Diana Fishwick, the famous ex-champion, and went on successfully collecting scalps until she reached the semi-final, in which Miss Fyshe beat her. Lady Katherine Cairns is another golfer who may be heard of in big successes.

For the third time in six years, MISS WANDA MORGAN *is the English Lady golf champion. In the 36-hole final of the event on St. Enodoc links, at Rock, Cornwall, she beat the runner-up,* MISS M. FYSHE *(standing behind her), by 4 and 2. Miss Fyshe, former Warwickshire champion, put up a great fight.* MISS B. NORRIS *(standing, right) was beaten by Miss Fyshe in the semi-final, by 2 and 1;* MRS. ALAN HARTLEY *(sitting) was beaten in the semi-final by Miss Morgan, by 3 and 1. Lord Clifden, president of St. Enodoc, presented the trophy, and Miss Morgan was given life-membership of the club.*

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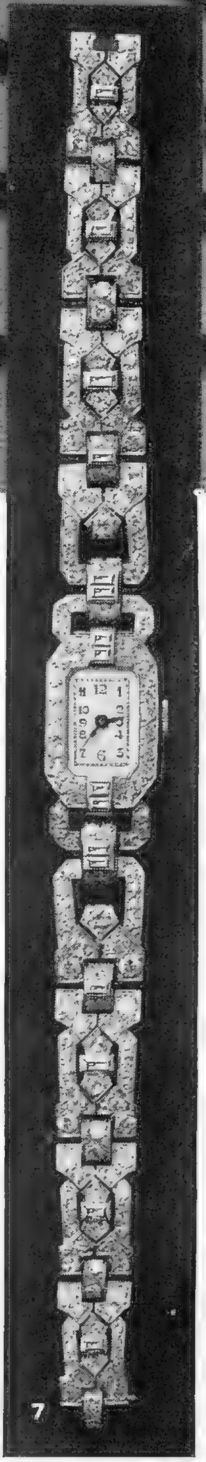

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2. £70 0 0	5. £18 18 0
3. £115 0 0	6. £15 15 0
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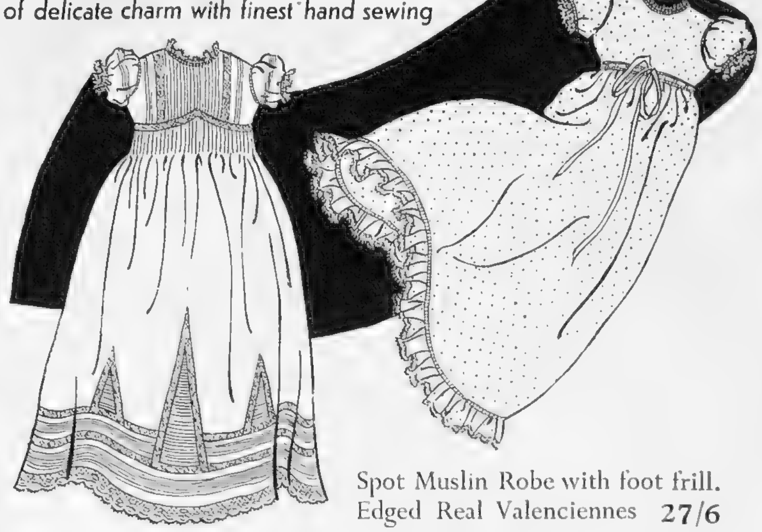

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A BACKLESS CORSLO.
In lace two-way stretch, the batiste panel giving the necessary support, this model moulds the figure into graceful curves; the bust section of very fine French net. **7 gns.**

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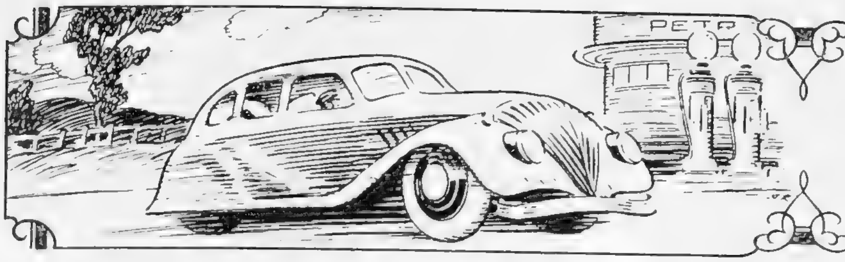


THE MOTOR EXHIBITION

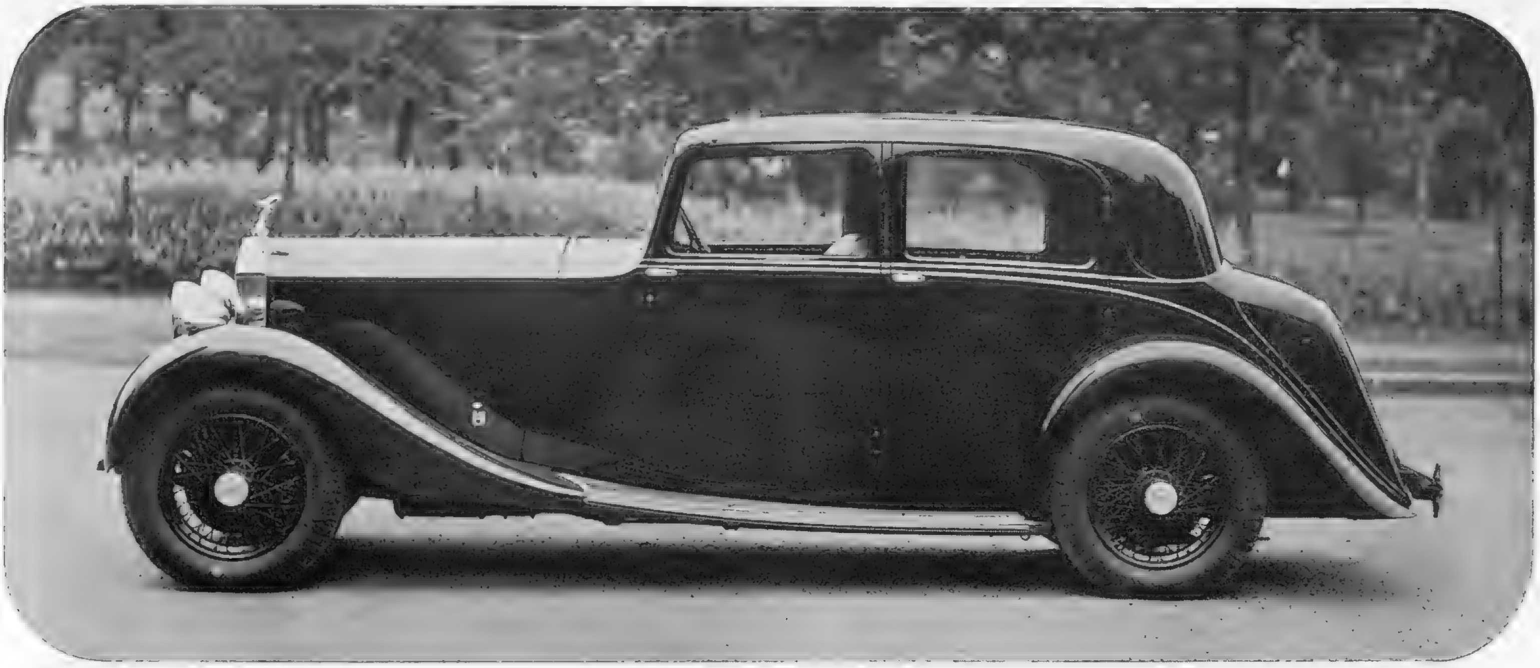
ITEMS OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST AT THE THIRTY-FIRST INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION, AT EARL'S COURT, ORGANISED BY THE SOCIETY OF MOTOR MANUFACTURERS AND TRADERS (OCTOBER 14-23).—By H. E. SYMONS.

THE great event of this week is, of course, the opening of the Motor Show at Earl's Court. This is the thirty-first International Motor Exhibition staged in this country, and is not only the largest motor exhibition held in the world, but is truly international in character. Of the 57 manufacturers represented, 29 only are British, while it is reckoned that foreign visitors and buyers at Earl's Court are coming from over forty different countries. The organisers have, in fact, had to arrange for a large corps of interpreters to deal with the variety of languages likely to be spoken.

The Motor Show has for several years enjoyed the patronage of the King, but this year her Majesty Queen Elizabeth has also given the honour of her patronage. This is the very first time that a Queen of England has granted her patronage to an industrial exhibition, and this is perhaps one of the reasons why the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the organisers, decided to celebrate the honour by the institution of "Ladies' Day." On the opening day of the Exhibition, every male ticket holder will be allowed to take in one lady free of charge. As the Show is being held at Earl's Court for the first time, it is only right to say something about the exhibition premises. The building covers nine acres, all under one roof, and there will be more room, both for visitors and exhibitors, than ever before. Wider staircases, increased restaurant accommodation, and a vast covered car park will add to the comfort of those visiting the Motor Show for enjoyment only.

This year's Motor Show is more than usually interesting because of the number of entirely new models, which is above the average. True, many well-known manufacturers have been content to dress up well-tried chassis in 1938 coachwork styles, but what they lose in interest for the casual visitor, they gain in the eyes of those who own existing examples. A car that remains unchanged for two or three years keeps up its value. Among famous firms who declare a no-change policy are Rolls-Royce, Bentley, M.G., and Rover, although, of course, the last two concerns, who make their own coachwork, have innovations in this respect.

Ford cars will not be seen at Earl's Court, for, as usual, there is an entirely separate exhibition devoted only to Ford products at the Albert Hall. This opens and closes on the same days as the Earl's Court Motor Show, and, as ever, the Ford Motor Company have surpassed themselves in providing for the interest and entertainment of their visitors. No one who visits Earl's Court should fail to visit the Albert Hall also. I am not proposing to wade steadily through the list of the exhibitors at Earl's Court, but will, metaphorically speaking, flit from one stand to another where items of outstanding interest are to be seen. Therefore, ignoring alphabetical or any other order, I am starting with Vauxhalls, who have produced the most revolutionary car in the Show, and one which is sure to be much discussed.



One of the exhibits on the Hooper stand is this new HOOPER SPORTS SALOON *on a* 25-30-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS. *It seats two persons, including the driver, on adjustable chair-type front seats, and two persons on the hind seat. There is a sunshine roof over the front seats, and a boot at the rear for luggage, built in as part of the body structure. The body panels are painted crown crimson, and the wings and mouldings are dark maroon to match the maroon leather on the seats, doors, etc., while there is fawn cloth to the head and upper parts. For quiet distinction and luxury this car would be hard to beat.*

The "Million-pound" Car.

The word revolutionary need not shock you, for the outward and visible signs of the new Vauxhall "Ten-Four" are little indication of its inward performance and anatomy. They call it the "million-pound" car. A million pounds is a lot of money, but that amount has actually been spent on "tuning-up" for this production. From time to time, in outbursts of rage, I have slanged our British manufacturers for failing to make any serious efforts to reduce weight. Well, the new Vauxhall weighs only about 15 cwt., although it is a full-sized saloon. The result of this saving in weight is a petrol consumption that may be as high as 50-55 m.p.g. at a modest 30 m.p.h., and is over 40 m.p.g. under all running conditions. The speed is something over a mile a minute, the acceleration is really striking, and the riding comfort, thanks to independent front springing, remarkable.

The Vauxhall concern is not the first to use a body-frame instead of a chassis of orthodox type. Lancia, Citroën, and Lagonda in the very early days have done so. But the Vauxhall design combines this unorthodox "unified construction" with orthodox engine and transmission lay-out. The result is a good-looking car of perfectly normal appearance, selling at the remarkably low price of £168. The big 25-h.p. Vauxhall is not being radically altered, but has been improved in various respects. There is an all-synchromesh three-speed gear-box, with all gears helically cut

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for silence. An automatic checking device entirely obviates gear clash, and any gear can be engaged without the need for double de-clutching or feeling with the gears. An entirely new feature to be standardised on a car is a built-in car heater and windscreen defroster. The new price of the Vauxhall "Twenty-Five" is £315.

"Wind-Hush" Coachwork and "Phased Suspension."

Then there are the new Wolseleys. The 12-48-h.p. model and three "Super Sixes," rated at 16 h.p., 21 h.p., and 25 h.p. The two most striking features of these cars are "wind-hush" coachwork and "phased suspension." Small but effective flared mouldings down the window pillars and in front of each door prevent the wind catching on minute projections of the coachwork and thus setting up that tiresome roar which makes driving fast in most cars so fatiguing. The second improvement consists of putting the two heaviest loads in the car—the power unit and the luggage and spare wheel—as far apart as possible, to reduce any tendency to see-saw action, and the "phasing" of the springs, so that they act in greater harmony, giving the occupants perfectly smooth riding. I have travelled over appalling cart-tracks in the new Wolseley, and can testify that the new suspension system, although utilising conventional half-elliptic springs, is as good or better than many independently operating springs. Exceptional luggage accommodation is another feature of the new Wolseley, together with a super-wide rear track, which allows greater body width, so that three adults can sit side-by-side in comfort.

This superb BENTLEY 4¼-LITRE, *fitted with a* HOOPER SPECIAL TWO-SEATER BODY, *is posed in a suitably lovely setting.*

A new HUMBER "SNIPE" *is seen in Istanbul with one of the many mosques in the background. This latest model has a 21-h.p. six-cylinder engine, and is of very handy and compact dimensions, although the saloon body provides ample room for five passengers. An outstanding feature is "Evenkeel" front-wheel suspension, which ensures comfort even on rough roads. The car is priced at £345, and there is a 16-h.p. model at £330.*

A Car to Suit Modern Road Conditions.

The Alvis concern has achieved a spectacular return to the four-cylinder type of sports car. Who does not remember the old 12/50 Alvis and the wonderful performances it put up in races and trials? The new 13/70 four-cylinder Alvis is a car built to suit modern road conditions, with a narrow track and short wheel-base. The engine is only a little under 2-litres in capacity, while the car is really light, and consequently brilliant acceleration, a high maximum speed, and splendid road-holding have resulted. Although independent wheel-springing is used for the larger Alvis models, such as the famous 4½-litre, the "Speed Twenty-Five," and so on, ordinary half-elliptic springs have been found adequate on the new 12/70. It is essentially a conventional car for those who do not rapidly change their idea of what a good car should be.

The MORRIS "FOURTEEN" SERIES III. SLIDING-HEAD SALOON *is a car with a wide appeal.*

A Return to the "Big-Four."

Another concern that has gone back to the "Big-Four" is the Riley Company. The 16-h.p. car which they are showing at Earl's Court has any amount of power and a brilliant performance, yet allied with it is an uncanny smoothness attributable to the way the engine is suspended on a resilient mounting. The famous Riley "Nine" is now no more, its place being taken by the 1½-litre four-cylinder job and the small six-cylinder car. A newcomer which continues unchanged is the 18-h.p. Riley "V-8." Rileys are, incidentally, the first people to utilise overdrive or "Twin top" transmission on small cars. This gives five speeds with only three gear-lever positions. With second and top gears the overdrive is engaged automatically by releasing the accelerator pedal. If you don't like this system, there is always the proved Riley preselector gear with a very smooth-acting automatic clutch.

A Success Further Improved.

The S.S. "Jaguar" has been one of the most successful cars of the year and is being continued in an improved form. It has now got a big brother, the 3½-litre model, which made its bow to the public at the Shelsley Walsh hill-climb. It still has its little brother, the 1½-litre, which was shown at Olympia last year. All three cars have the same coachwork on a different chassis. The spare wheel, instead of being on the side, is now concealed in the lid of the luggage-locker, the tools being disposed round it. Luggage space has not been cut down, because the body is wider, and three can sit in the back. The new 3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" is said to have a terrific top-gear performance and to be capable of 95 m.p.h. Its price is £445.

The "Balanced Drive."

Catchwords are in favour this year and Armstrong Siddeleys have produced their own. They use the expression "balanced drive" to describe their new chassis lay-out. For years Armstrong Siddeleys have had separate gear-boxes beneath the driving seat, but now the self-changing gear combined, by the way, with an effective automatic clutch, is built in one unit with the gears. The fly-wheel has been eliminated, the necessarily rather heavy running-gear of the transmission taking its place. The power unit is also suspended on rubber in a new way, low down at the front and high up at the back, and the net result is a super torque and marked freedom from any vibration.

"Fourteens" in Favour.

"Fourteens" were in favour ten years ago, and with the swing of the pendulum they have come into favour once again. The newest "Fourteen"

[*Continued overleaf.*

. . . ON 10, 12, 14 & 25 H.P. MODELS

★ *Vivid Acceleration is of course as great a safety factor as good braking.*

MORRIS

EARLS COURT STAND 65

If you don't buy Morris at least buy a car made in the United Kingdom

MORRIS EIGHT (Series II) *Tax £6 Prices from* £126

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MORRIS TWENTY-FIVE (Series III) *Tax £18.15 Prices from* £320

Jackall Hydraulic Jacks included on the Twenty-five—£5 extra on the 10, 12 and 14 h.p. models
All prices ex works

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

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is a five-seater Hillman with independent front-wheel springing. It is reasonably light for its size, scaling about 30 cwt., and is a thoroughly sturdy job, built for use in any part of the world. I have tried this model and can testify to its satisfactory all-round performance. It hangs on to top gear particularly well on hills, and has easy-change synchromesh gear-box and powerful brakes. It combines soft springing with excellent road-holding. The popular Hillman "Minx" is also very attractive in its 1938 form, with a new radiator cowl, and luggage recess accessible from the outside. Fundamentally, it does not differ from its immediate predecessors, but the result of minor modifications has been to render it quite one of the smoothest and quietest small cars on the road to-day.

Exceptionally Interesting Newcomers.

Austins have got two new cars, both exceptionally interesting. One is the "Eighteen," which combines an unusually snappy performance with all the roominess that a large family can desire, and the other is the new "Big Seven," which provides a four-door body on a chassis that comes midway between the "Ten-Four" and the classic "Seven," yet costs no more to tax. The "Eighteen" has four very wide doors, and stepping into it is like walking into a room. The big rear seat sits three abreast and is adjustable for rake and depth. Folding occasional seats that are really comfortable, folding tables and foot-rests are other features that make this a really comfortable seven-seater. The lavish

Dr. Douglas Little and his wife, formerly Miss Dorothy Round, the famous lawn-tennis player, own a 19·8 CHRYSLER "KEW" SALOON, *and are here standing beside it. Our photograph was taken on their return from their honeymoon trip.*

passenger accommodation has not in any way spoiled the provision for carrying luggage. There is a large built-in container, the lid of which lets down to carry a full-sized trunk. The "Big Seven" seats four grown-ups comfortably, has a very lively performance and is remarkably comfortable for so small a car.

Worth-While Improvements.

Then there are the Morris models, all of which show worth-while improvements, while an entirely new "Twelve-Four," known as the Series III., has made its appearance. Briefly, the Series III. Morris cars differ from their predecessors in that they have overhead-valve engines instead of side-valve ones, and all except the 8-h.p. and 25-h.p. cars have four-speed gear-boxes with synchromesh easy-changing on second, third and top. Except for the "Ten-Four," the Series III. cars also have a roomy luggage-locker, accessible from the outside, instead of by lifting the rear squab, and the capacity of the container has been appreciably increased. The new overhead-valve engine of the "Twelve-Four," of course, gives considerably more power, with the result that the car is really lively in traffic, besides being fast up hills and on the open road. The floor is flat, more toe-room has been obtained by the use of tubular-frame front seats, and special efforts have been made to insulate the body from noises by the use of special materials. The fixed-head saloon is reasonably priced at £205, extras being a sliding head and real leather upholstery, at an inclusive additional price of £10, and Jackall hydraulic permanent jacks at £5 extra.

The 14/60-H.P. TRIUMPH "DOLOMITE" SALOON *costs £348.*

A New Range of Old Friends.

Humbers have come out with a new range this autumn. Our old friend, the Humber "Snipe," except that it is better-looking

The new DAIMLER "FIFTEEN" *is one of the most attractive medium-priced quality cars on the market. It has an exceptionally handsome appearance combined with a lively performance and good road-holding qualities. Our photograph was taken at Llanberis Pass, in North Wales.*

than ever, continues practically unchanged, but it is to be known henceforth as the "Snipe Imperial." Also the roomy and luxurious Humber Pullman models are being continued as before. The

The AUSTIN "FOURTEEN GOODWOOD" SALOON, *priced at £260, is a favourite model. Our snapshot shows one on the Yorkshire moors.*

new models are thus the "Snipe" and the "Sixteen." Both have the same chassis and differ only in engine size and gear ratios. The "Snipe" sells at £345, a low price considering its beautiful finish and luxurious equipment. It weighs only about 30 cwt., and in view of the great power developed by the 21-h.p. engine, it should have an outstanding performance. The engine of the "Sixteen" is pretty useful, too, and should more than meet the needs of those who require a family car of Humber quality at the right price—in this case, £330. The characteristics of all Humber cars are those with which we have already become familiar on previous models, such as box-girder chassis, which has six times as much resilience to twisting as the ordinary kind, a four-speed gear-box with synchromesh on top and third, and Bendix-Cowdrey Duo-servo brakes are standard on all models. Evenkeel independent wheel-springing is, of course, a feature of the "Sixteen" and "Snipe" and Pullman cars.

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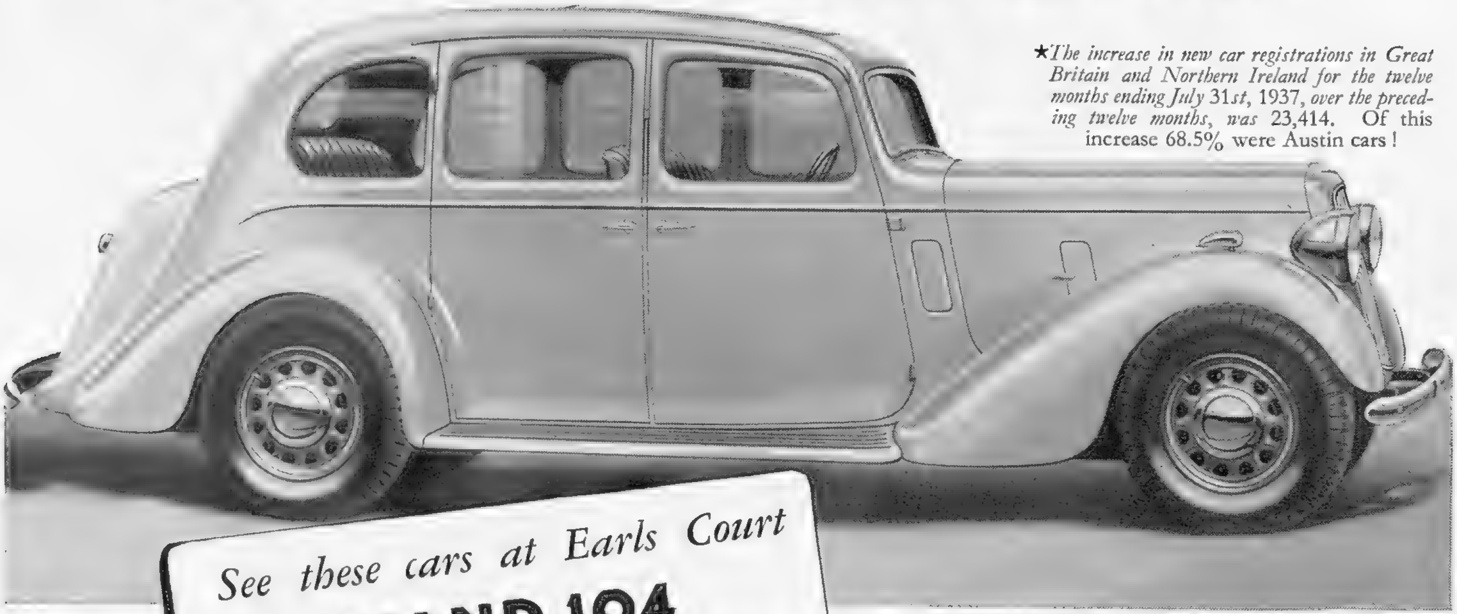
BRITISH CARS ARE BETTER BUILT

Lasting Worth and Dependability have made AUSTIN

BRITAIN'S MOST FAVOURED* CAR!

**The increase in new car registrations in Great Britain and Northern Ireland for the twelve months ending July 31st,* 1937, *over the preceding twelve months, was* 23,414. Of this increase 68.5% were Austin cars!



See these cars at Earls Court
STAND 104

The Fourteen Goodwood Saloon, £260 at works.

AUSTIN'S 'QUALITY POLICY'

Talk of an Austin and, instinctively, you picture lasting worth; a practical car, a dependable car, a car that looks and is as ready for its second or third year of service as its first—a car whose consistent performance everywhere has earned respect—whose innate quality commands the highest price when at last you come to dispose of it. Detail by detail, an Austin is quality-built.

The figures above* are striking proof of the trust in which Austin's 'quality policy' is held. There is only one explanation for this preference: motorists recognise Austin investment value. This year, at Earls Court, you will see a more complete range of models than Austin have ever exhibited before at any Motor Show. Now for the details:

Models from £112 *to* £160

Economical cars for every taste!—the Baby Seven and the Big Seven. The Baby—most famous light car in the world, pre-eminent for fourteen years; lowest upkeep costs of any car—penny a mile for four, all in; nimble and light to handle; with numerous improvements in design; dependability itself. And the newcomer—the Big Seven—based on the proved qualities of its smaller brother. Roomier, with faster getaway, more comfortable . . . yet taxed at only £6. A four-door, six-window saloon that gives the best of three worlds—real running-economy, fast, smooth travel and quiet four-passenger comfort.

Models from £185 *to* £267

The Ten, the Twelve and the Fourteen—these are the cars that have set up sales records unprecedented in Austin history. From floor to roof they're sound-insulated for quiet travel. In every coachwork competition where they have been exhibited (at the Scottish, the Hastings and the Welsh Rallies) they have won first prizes for beauty and practicality of design. And their consistent performance is so satisfying, so smooth, so flexible, so responsive. This range will be examined with keen interest, embodying as it does all those essentials required by the family motorist—yet with maintenance costs that are most moderate.

Models from £350 *to* £650

The new Eighteen. Built with the sweeping lines of the Fourteen, it seats *seven* passengers in perfect ease. Exceptionally wide doors, the flat floor, and the carefully positioned folding seats, all combine to make the interior readily accessible and spaciously comfortable. This car provides a good example of a feature studied in all Austins—*maximum driving visibility.* The engine is set well forward and bonnet space reduced, so that the driver can see both side-lights. Lastly, the most imposing model in the range—the seven-seater Mayfair Limousine or Landaulet, a magnificent car with superb performance and every conceivable luxury, yet moderately priced, only £650.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER?

YOU BUY A CAR . . . BUT YOU invest IN AN AUSTIN

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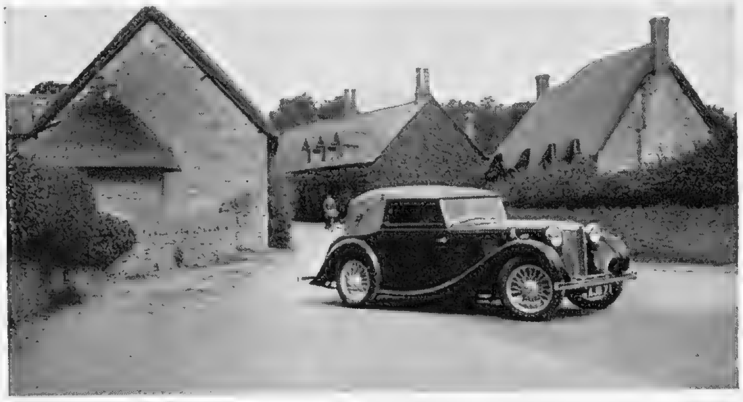
The Most Magnificent Car on View.

By far the most magnificent car in the Exhibition is the Rolls-Royce "Phantom III." twelve-cylinder model, shown as a Hooper-bodied seven-seater Pullman limousine and as a sedanca de ville



The M.G. 1½-LITRE FOLDING-HEAD FOURSOME *is priced at £351 ex-works.*

by Barker; the latter sells at £3040. A characteristic of the "Phantom III." Rolls-Royce is its soft and cushioned riding, combined with perfect road-holding and freedom from rolling on corners. The light steering and the enormous power of the silent engine make it quite the most delightful car which has ever emanated from the famous Derby works. The Hooper Pullman limousine follows orthodox lines and is designed to give the greatest possible comfort to the occupants. It is provided with special means of ventilation and heating, while luggage accommodation is a point that has received careful attention. Part of the comfort afforded by the body is attributable to the independent front-wheel springing of the chassis, which can thus be used to form a thoroughly rigid platform for the coachwork. The Barker sedanca de ville body has a roof over the driving seat which will not only slide back in the usual way, but can be made to disappear entirely. In addition to the heating and ventilation system there is a folding interior seat facing sideways, a wireless set, two folding tables and a cupboard, divided into compartments. The window between the front and rear compartment, as well as the rear blind, is operated electrically, and special attention has been paid to the important question of visibility from the driving seat.

A beautiful Windover saloon is shown on the 25-30-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. This has a roomy body, sitting five, with a sliding roof, adjustable bucket seats in front and a luggage-platform which folds into the back panel when not in use. It is priced at £1625. A 25-30-h.p. enclosed limousine seven-seater by Thrupp and Maberly is also shown. *[Continued overleaf.*

MISS BILLY CARLYLE *is offering an apple to* MR. CLAUDE DAMPIER, *who, by the way, is delighted with his new* HILLMAN *car.*

WHEN George III was King of England . . . when the shadow of Napoleon lay across Europe, Charles Windover began to build his coaches. The heritage of his skill and craftsmanship has been preserved through 150 years of history . . . To-day, Windovers have turned their traditions to the service of modernity, designing and building bodies of superlative excellence as worthy of the world's finest cars . . . Rolls Royce, Bentley, Daimler.

25/30 ROLLS ROYCE LIMOUSINE ★ WINDOVERS, STAND 44

COACHWORK BY

Windovers

The Motor Show 1938. *Windovers are exhibiting at Earl's Court, Stand 44. Other classic examples of their coachwork will also be on view at the Rolls Royce, Bentley and Daimler Stands.*

WINDOVERS LIMITED, 62 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON W.1

Stonehenge, Wiltshire. The origin of this world-famed prehistoric megalith and the source of the stones which form it are matters for conjecture. Its exact locality is two miles outside Amesbury to the West.

Route from London—Staines, Bagshot, Camberley, Hartley Wintney, Basingstoke (by-pass), Andover, Amesbury. 85 miles.

Some makes of car announce 'special' models —for which a higher price is asked. If you will carefully compare their performance and specification with the perfectly standard M.G. you will make an interesting discovery. On every point the M.G. competes more than favourably with these 'specials' — but doesn't cost as much.

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"British cars are better built — British cars last longer"

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Continued.]

A Sun-Roof Fitted with Synthetic Glass.

As in the case of the Rolls-Royce exhibits no change has been made in the chassis specifications of the 4¼-litre Bentley, which is shown as a drop-head coupé, an open tourer, and with two types of saloon body. One of the saloons, by H. J. Mulliner, of Chiswick, is particularly interesting, because the peak of the roof and the sliding portion of the sun-roof are fitted with a synthetic glass, known as "Perspex." This gives a greatly increased field of vision to the occupants of the car, especially those sitting in the back. The transparent roof is fitted with shutters, which can be operated from inside, to diminish any glare that might prove objectionable. This body has very smart lines, seats four, and has built-in luggage accommodation, with fitted suit-cases. The other saloon has an all-steel body by Park Ward, painted white and upholstered in pale blue leather. The 4¼-litre Bentley is, of course, famous for its silent, effortless performance. The engine is rated at just under 30 h.p. and is taxed at £22 10s. A synchromesh easy-change gear-box gives four speeds forward, with silent second and third, and there is a Servo assisted foot-brake.

The 25/30 - H.P. ROLLS - ROYCE *with* "BARCLAY" - DESIGNED DROP - HEAD COUPÉ COACHWORK *shown in our photograph was recently supplied to Miss Olga Cohane by Messrs. Jack Barclay, Ltd., of George Street, Hanover Square.*

Successful Sports Cars.

An attractive new open four-seater on the M.G. "Six" is the only innovation in the series of successful sports cars. M.G.s, I understand, have had a record year and are continuing unchanged the sporting little "T"-type Midget, which, with its wider body and increased accommodation, is proving a greater favourite than ever, the 1½-litre model introduced at Olympia last year, and the powerful 2-litre "Six." Besides being very handsome in appearance, the various M.G. models have a really outstanding performance and are fine examples of cars developed as a result of strenuous races and reliability trials. The new tourer on the 2-litre model has a disappearing hood and is thoroughly modern in appearance.

Comfort on Bad Roads.

Independent front suspension by coil springs is the outstanding feature of the new Daimler "Fifteen." This gives greater comfort on bad roads and ensures the chassis rigidity which is so necessary if the coachwork is to be kept free from rattles. The shock-absorbers are coupled by a new form of torsion bar, which diminishes any tendency to roll on corners, with the result that the new Daimler does not sacrifice stability for comfort. The engine, of the overhead-valve type, is particularly smooth running, and incorporated with it is the fluid fly-wheel and pre-selective, self-changing gear. The classic Daimler worm drive is employed, giving a very low propeller shaft and consequently low and flat floor-level.

The fluid fly-wheel is, of course, a well-known form of hydraulic

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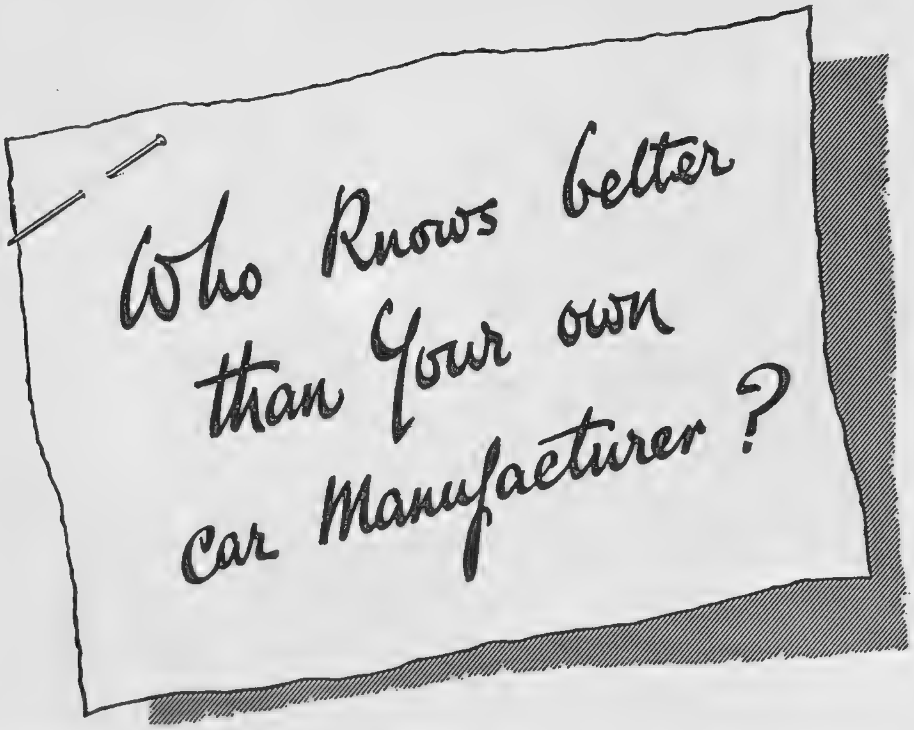

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★ *100 m.p.h. super-sports car.*

"Owners are recommended to use Ethylised petrols only. Extensive tests have been undertaken which show that these fuels are eminently suitable and have no detrimental effect."

★ *A British car that has made motoring history.*

"The best results will be obtained when running on an Ethyl petrol."

★ *A popular British car with a fine record.*

As pioneers of Ethyl, we take pride in presenting these unexampled tributes from renowned car manufacturers

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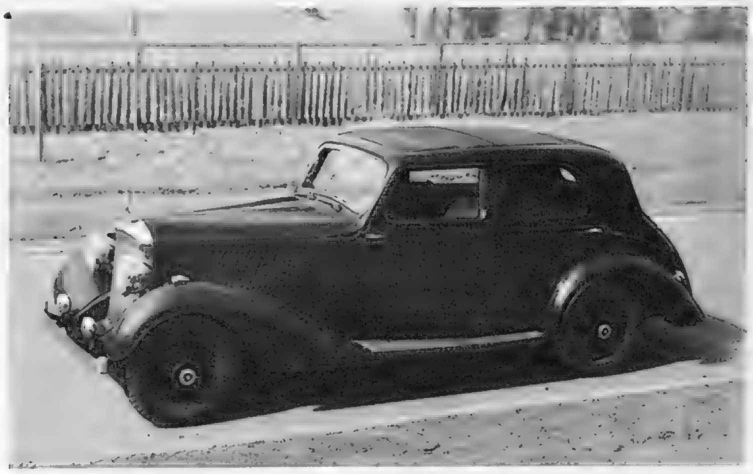
coupling, which can be slipped indefinitely and can be used in traffic, if desired, instead of the easily changed gears, operated by a lever on the dash. The chief charm of the Daimler lies in its



The ALVIS 20-H.P. "SILVER CREST" *four-light saloon is priced at £595, or, with the alternative 16·95-h.p. engine, costs £565.*

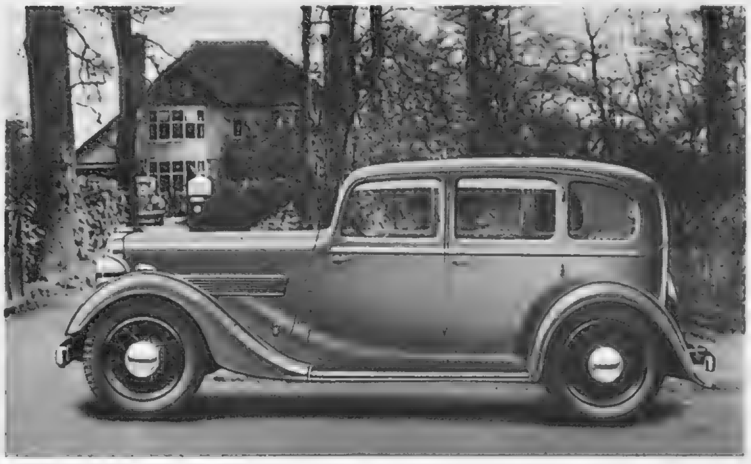
easy negotiation of crowded traffic, there being no necessity constantly to de-clutch when momentarily halted. The smoothness and silence with which every component of the chassis operates, provides a pleasantly gentle means of transport, particularly at the lower speeds, although on uncrowded roads a useful maximum can be attained. The coachwork is attractive and sensibly designed and the price of the "Six Light" saloon is £475.

A No-Change Policy.

A no-change policy characterises the Rover programme, though minor improvements have been made. The only outward difference concerns the bonnets, those of the 12-h.p. and 14-h.p. models being plain, while the sides of the 16-h.p. and 20-h.p. models have small door ventilators. D.W.S. hydraulic jacks have been added to the specifications of the 16- and 20-h.p. models and Avon Duo-tread tyres are fitted to all cars. The range of bodywork is the same as for 1937, except that a fixed-head coupé is now available on the 10-h.p. chassis. The already well-known Rover features are maintained, such as flexible engine-mounting, controlled free-wheel, automatic chassis lubrication, and so on. Prices range from the Rover "Ten" saloon at £255 to the 20-h.p. Sports saloon at £425.

A Popular Car.

Although it met with a mixed reception when introduced at Olympia last year, the streamlined aluminium alloy radiator grille of the Triumph "Dolomite" has now achieved considerable popularity. The range of Triumph now includes three "Dolomite" models, consisting of a six-cylinder 2-litre, the four-cylinder 14-60 and the 1½-litre, and engines and chassis of the same type are fitted into "Vitesse" models, which have radiators of more orthodox design. In addition, there is a low-priced "Gloria Fourteen," at £288, in the form of a six-window saloon. The 14-60-h.p. "Vitesse" engine with twin carburetters can be fitted to this car for £10 extra. One of the most attractive characteristics of Triumph



The ROVER 1938 "TEN" SALOON *is a delightful car.*

cars is the way in which they can be driven as hard as you like for as long as you like. There is a good gear-box, affording easy changing, the brakes are powerful, and the road-holding above

[*Continued overleaf.*

Here is one of the 1938 Dodge Cars which will be on show on Stand 61 at Earls Court.

THE Motor Show! (Earls Court this year). And what will be *your* verdict? Will you be herded to the same old stands and come away saying "nothing new" and "it all looks much the same to me"?

Or will you have made a gesture of independence and sought not for the obvious but for the different?

Stand 61 will reward your adventurous spirit. There the new Dodge models with their modern beauty of line and curve fill the eye and mind with their symmetry: their seating no mere equipment but a quiet and spacious furnishing: their new high compression engines units of ready power but silent as the night. "That is how I should like to travel" you will say. Well, you can! A Dodge is not high priced but a car of reasonable cost for those with far from moderate tastes. Don't forget . . . . STAND 61.

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EARLS COURT MOTOR SHOW

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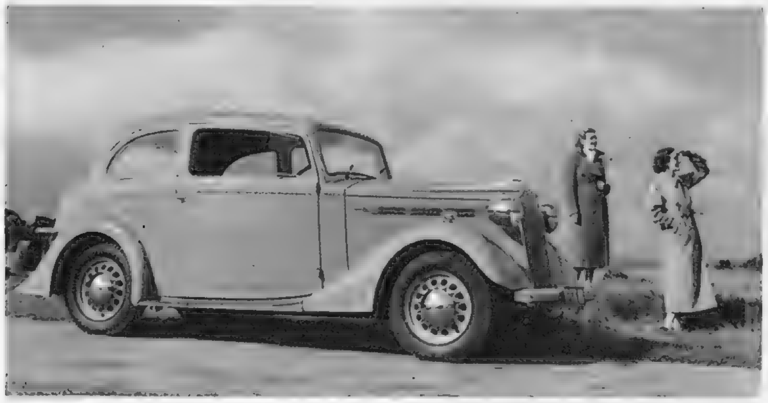
Continued.]
reproach. There are various refinements, such as easy jacking and so on, and all models have large luggage-lockers.

Pistol-Grip Brake Handles.

There are six main types of Standard cars, and these cover all the most popular classes. The "Nines" and "Tens" have two saloon body types. On the "Twelve" chassis there are saloon and drophead coupé bodies, while other types are "Fourteen," "Twenty" and "V-8" models. A distinctive radiator grille has been standardised, being a shell and central bar finished in colour to match the bonnet, while the vertical slats are chromium-plated. All steel bodies are made in one piece, being extremely strong and prevented from drumming by the extensive use of sound-insulating materials. The floors are flat and low and entrances are wide, while the elimination of running-boards makes it easy to get in and out. The new popular type of pistol-grip brake-handle is provided beneath the dash on the "Twelve" and "V-8," while all models, from the "Twelve" upwards, have telescopic steering columns, enabling the driver to suit the position of the wheel to his individual taste. A four-speed gear-box with synchromesh on second, third and top and easy jacking system, increased luggage accommodation, self-cancelling direction indicators, Triplex glass throughout, and easy-clean wheels are features common to all models.



This VAUXHALL has been described as one of the prettiest coupés on the road. It has such features as independent springing, no-draught ventilation, body-conformity front seats, and controlled synchromesh. Yet, with choice of either a 12-h.p. or a 14-h.p. engine, it is priced as reasonably as £245.

Chrysler Models.

The Chrysler "Plymouth," well known overseas, has this year been introduced to the British market. It is available either with a 19·8-h.p. or 23·4-h.p. engine and sells at popular prices. The well-liked "Kew" and "Wimbledon" models are being retained. Another newcomer to the 1938 range is the Chrysler "Royal," with an engine rated at 27·3 h.p., and, of course, there are the big "Imperial" and "Custom Imperial" models. A new high-compression engine gives considerably more acceleration and a higher top speed, while the comfort of driver and passengers has been given a great deal of thought. There are positive-acting shock-absorbers, and sway-eliminator; fume and heat-proof

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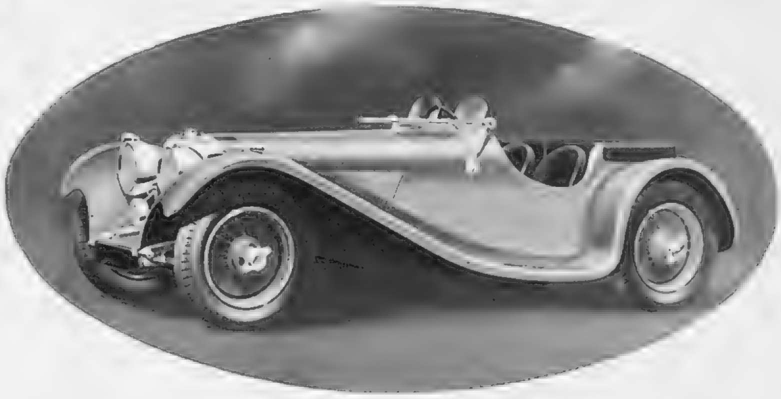

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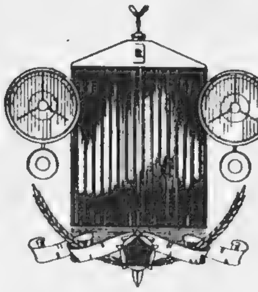

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The point is significant, for Rolls-Royce has never changed for the sake of change. There have been improvements, but not improvisations. The radiator of thirty years ago, which a friend once described to me as being 'as instinctively right as an Adams portico' will be no less distinguished in 1947 than it is in 1937.

I think that the car emphasises more vividly than any other the futility of constant switching and changing about to meet what is believed to be a passing fashion in exterior line."—*Morning Post 9th September 1937*

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Kennington Service

[*Continued.*

bulkheads between engine and body are features making for comfort. The Chrysler was the first car on the British market to have overdrive, which gives five speeds with only three gear-lever positions, and together with the famous "Floating Power" engine mounting, it is continued. The hypoid rear axle combines the advantages of spiral bevel drive with a low floor-level, and there are many other interesting technical features.

THE FORD MOTOR SHOW.

In addition to all the private car and commercial vehicles at the Ford Motor Exhibition at the Albert Hall are to be seen examples of the Ford power units used in marine and industrial vehicles. Everything possible is being done to assist in the enjoyment of the visitor. For instance, the band of the Royal Artillery will play from Oct. 14-23. It is being conducted by Lieut. O. W. Geary, M.B.E., and will play from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. each afternoon and from 7.15 p.m. onwards. The "Silver Masked Caricaturist" will also be present. He works at lightning speed and will caricature exhibition personalities, in view of the audience. There are, in addition, two cinemas, where Ford films will be shown, and the novel features include an engine with a "disappearing" cylinder-block, through which the working of the engine may be seen.

Mechanical devices will give the visitor the specification of any car or commercial vehicle shown in the exhibition, simply by pressing a button. There is also a "Magic Ball" which, when held in the hand, sets in motion a Ford "Ten" chassis, which rolls over slowly, so that its design can be examined in detail. The usual restaurant facilities will be provided, and there will be plenty of seats for visitors.

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FOUR WALLS.

(*Continued from Page* 68.)

So, leaving his servant with his belongings, he started off, finding a shady walk and a cool little breeze which seemed to be blowing off the mountains. The *mêlée* still went on behind him. Arriving at a green door in the wall, he felt a spice of adventure. There would naturally be no bell or knocker, he supposed, but if he banged on it . . . lo ! and behold, the door opened, almost precipitating him inside, and then and there he left the mundane world of trains and electric fans behind.

The four walls enclosed a gracious garden where the turf gleamed more emerald after a prolific season of rains. A fountain played here, too, tossing its silvery jets up in the air with a pleasant little sensation of coolness. A peacock strutted near-by, trailing his magnificent plumage like a cloak of jewels, and there was a doe nibbling at the leaves of a shrubbery to the east of the house, which had a broad verandah running round the ground floor, and shuttered windows in the upper storey. Between this shrubbery and the verandah sat an old, white woman in a grey muslin gown, a tea-table at her elbow. She was bareheaded, her white locks gathered quaintly about her face in a style that was either new to Harry or else very, very old. Quaint altogether and *petite*, she sat there stiffly upright, while a coolie fanned her with a great palm-leaf punkah. She bent down to stroke a kitten that played round her skirts with little fugitive snatches ; then the punkah boy saw Harry and stopped, open-mouthed, amazed.

The old woman looked round and appeared no longer human, but an automaton, so still she was, her eyes on him, searching the sunset light as if its glowing beauty hurt them.

" Er—good evening," Harry murmured.

The punkah wallah continued his job, but she never moved at the Englishman's approach. Her skin was exceedingly white, with the faint texture of milk, and he couldn't fathom the look in her eyes, which were blue and rather pitifully faded. Then she moved one hand up to her throat, and he saw the flash of rings.

" Danpat . . ." she mumbled weakly at last.

" It is a Sahib approaching, huzoor," the punkah wallah said in answer.

" I 'm awfully sorry," Harry stammered. " My train broke down at this station. There 's been some mistake over the points, I suppose. I 'm all alone," he finished in explanation of his presence, " so I 'd thought I 'd call."

He wondered at the look of horror which passed over her face.

" You are—an Englishman ? " she whispered.

" Yes," he answered, uncertain whether to go or stay. " I 'm awfully sorry. I—the truth is I felt so beastly lonely and fed up and—and at an—I mean a loose end."

" I see." Her hands fumbled among the laces at her breast. Surely the oddest figure and the quaintest dress he had ever seen ! A dim scent of old violets clung about her.

" If you like—I 'll go," he blurted out on an impulse.

" I am alone," she said.

" I 'm sorry, I 'll go," he turned, but she put out her hand.

" You are held up ? " She paused as if at a loss for words, and it struck Harry that English did not come easily to her, perhaps.

" Yes, there 's been an awful mix-up ! " he laughed.

" I do not know . . . I am sorry . . . your name ? "

" Langley."

With a cry she bent down, wresting her soft frills from the kitten's marauding paws. " Kwâli, Kwâli, you must not do that ! " she cried.

" Langley," Harry repeated, bending down to help her.

" I thank you," she told him, and smiled. " Yes, he is but a kitten. He does not know." There was a flush in her withered cheeks, and for some obscure reason Harry seemed to feel a subtle meaning in her words. " You will stay ? " she asked him. " Your train does not go yet ? " He was astonished at the appeal in her voice.

" I don't know," he laughed, " but I don't think it matters. I 'm on leave. Thanks awfully."

" You will take tea ? "

" By George, I 'd forgotten all about it ! I 'd love some, if it 's no trouble."

She rang a silver bell on the table, ordered a fresh brew and another chair and punkah to be brought. Somehow in this remote garden where a fountain played and he drank tea out of eggshell china delicately tinted and enamelled, tasted Indian cakes and sweetmeats, the twentieth century elapsed and shrank with the

[*Continued overleaf.*

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Continued.]
invading dusk. Even the tea had an aroma of old pot-pourri. It was all very odd.

"You live here alone?" Harry asked. "Do tell me your name."

"Yes," she murmured hastily, and put out a restraining hand towards the deer which had crept up in quest of cake. Her fingers were very fragile-looking as they trembled about the exquisite velvety creature rubbing against her. "Priscilla is greedy!" she explained, trying to smile, but her lips were quivering like her hands. It seemed to Harry that they struggled to keep something back, even as her hands struggled to break the last remaining little cake. Priscilla, with a blue bow on her slender collar, lapped up the crumbs and trotted delicately off across the evening shadows on the grass.

"Priscilla!" Harry chuckled. "How delightfully old-fashioned! We had some in our family! Do tell me——"

"But look, the moon is rising . . ." she begged with an inexplicable shiver. "Soon it will be shining, and we will go upon the roof?"

"Yes, I 'd love it," he assented. "The view must be topping from there."

He was astonished at the ease of her movements, but on the winding stairs she stopped, panting, several times, and refused his help. Two chairs had been placed on the housetop near a lighted brazier, where a coil of incense smoke was warring on mosquitoes. The night had come suddenly and a full moon lit up the fountain jets below, and cast deep shadows beside pools of light in the garden and beyond the walls.

A trellis-work of moonflowers ran round the parapet of the roof, glowing waxen and huge in their creamy splendour, and shutting away the lights of the railway station and all that pertained to noise and confusion.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" Harry asked diffidently.

"Smoke?" she queried.

"A cigarette."

"Yes—oh, yes," but her tone was absent.

He lit up, and they sat silent while the moon rose higher, losing its golden touch and becoming silver over the rice-fields.

He was trying to make it all out, this accidental stumbling on an enigma out of the past. His mother, Lady Langley, queening it at Red Acres, would laugh and call it a leg-pull. She could afford to laugh at anything she fancied, considering her money had put in the central heating and telephones, and her Rolls-Royce now purred where generations of Langleys had kept the family chariot with its silver trappings. A jolly woman, his mother.

"You are in the Army?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Cavalry?" She leant forward eagerly.

"Yes."

"And you, too, are alone—in India?"

He laughed. "Yes. The family live in Devonshire—I beg your pardon?" thinking she had spoken.

"No, no—please to go on."

"But do tell me about yourself," Harry urged. "It 's awful cheek, I know, but—well, the Mater will be interested."

"No, no!" There was such a sharp cry in her voice that he started back. "You must not! You must never mention . . . promise, promise me . . ."

"Why, of course, but——" he lifted his handsome brows in mute bewilderment.

"I live here to hide," she confessed.

"Hide?"

There was silence, broken only by the mournful cry of a peacock in the garden and the wind in the old trees. When she answered, it was as if she was recalling something from a very great distance.

"Since the Mutiny I have hidden . . . I am over ninety years old."

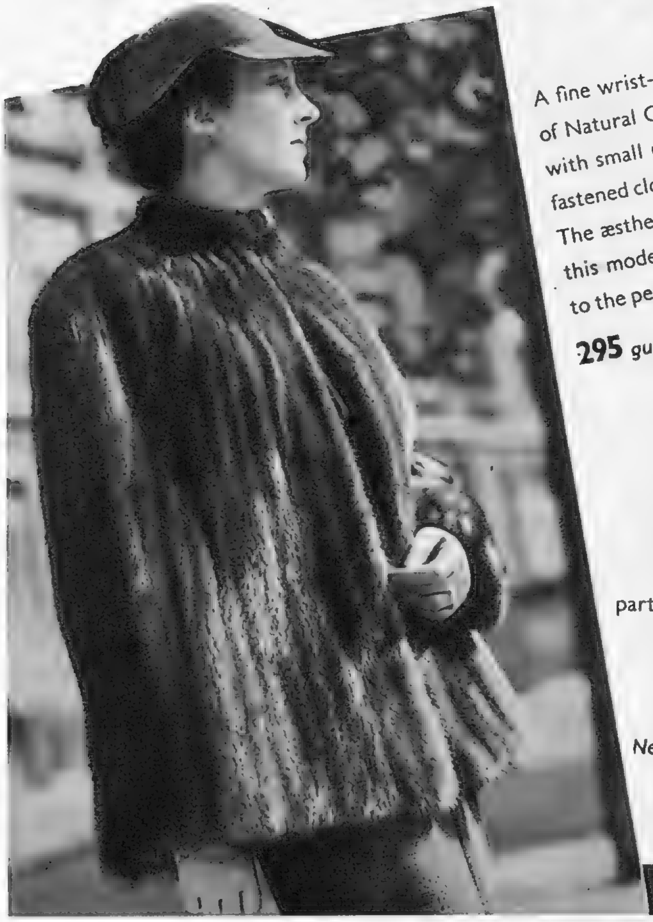
Harry muttered a few words, but he could never quite remember what they were.

"My husband was killed——" She stopped, catching her breath painfully. "But my two children were taken into safety."

"Then you escaped, too?" Harry exclaimed.

A servant appeared carrying a grotesquely fat little fox-terrier, wheezy and filmy-eyed with age, but a tail-wagger yet to the mistress she loved and her guest. The man put down two enamel bowls, and both dog and kitten fell to with appetite. Harry wished the dog-boy would go away and let his hostess get on with what he felt was an intriguing story. At last, gathering up the empty plates, the former took his departure. [Continued overleaf.

Revillon



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Continued.]

"But how did you escape? I know that some pretty marvellous things did happen!" Harry urged.

"At a price——"

"Oh!" For the life of him he didn't know what else to say.

"I was young—very young—and—and only sixteen at marriage."

"Yes?"

"I paid the price—" she choked, her lips working as she struggled to control them, "of fear and cowardice."

"Of—I don't quite understand."

"An Indian Prince offered me escape at a price which—but you do understand how young . . . and I was so *alone* . . ." she pleaded desperately for understanding.

"Yes, yes."

"But his family were good to me—afterwards. It was strange, that goodness. It is strange to me now."

"But couldn't—I mean, didn't you write home? To your people or someone?"

"After that?"

"Oh!" he mumbled uncomfortably.

"To my people I am no more. It is my wish."

"But wouldn't you like to get into touch with them again?" She made a curious little sound that was half a moan.

"I live my life here," she faltered. "I ask no more. I have my garden . . . my pets . . . please, please do not ask me more . . ." her voice died away on a sob.

"I'm sorry," Harry stammered, "dreadfully sorry. I promise I won't tell a soul. It must have been pretty ghastly—all of it—the Mutiny, I mean, and what followed after. One or two of us never survived it."

"Yes!" she responded with sudden eagerness. "Tell me of your people now that I have none."

He told her briefly and cheerfully, and she listened while the cool night wind fanned them both and an old ayah brought her a wrap.

"Yes . . . ?"

"Huzoor," the portly major-domo with a beard had braved the winding stairs, "the Sahib's servant waits with a message that the train for the junction leaves in half an hour. All is now well."

She gave a cry, startling both men considerably. "I am sorry. My—my age, that is all. You must go?" Her voice was so hoarse that he thought he had exhausted the frail endurances of old age by his unexpected visit.

"I must if I'm to get to Kantipore to-night. Don't move, and thank you a thousand times for the tea and—and letting me stay."

With both animals curled on her sweeping skirts, it was impossible for her to rise, but she clung pathetically to his hand with both her own.

"I thank you for coming," she was gasping a little. "You are the first Englishman I have spoken to for fifty years. You . . . I thank you and I hope . . . you will be happy always. Good-bye."

She finished abruptly, and he was gone, striding through the moonlight and filled with a great pity. Dotty, of course; must be. If such a thing had really happened she wouldn't have blurted it out to a stranger, and that a young one. Who on earth was she, and what was she doing there in that out-of-the-way spot?

Harry threw back his head, laughing out loud. Some sort of asylum, of course, but in that case where were the keepers and the usual staff of nurses and attendants? He glanced back towards the roof, but intervening trees shut it from his sight. No; it was a bit queer, but anyway, the old girl had been rather sweet and old-worldly and her hospitality had been extraordinarily welcome.

Mohamed found her bent over against the parapet and trellis-work, and ran to her aid.

"I but watch the Sahib go through the moonlight," she assured him.

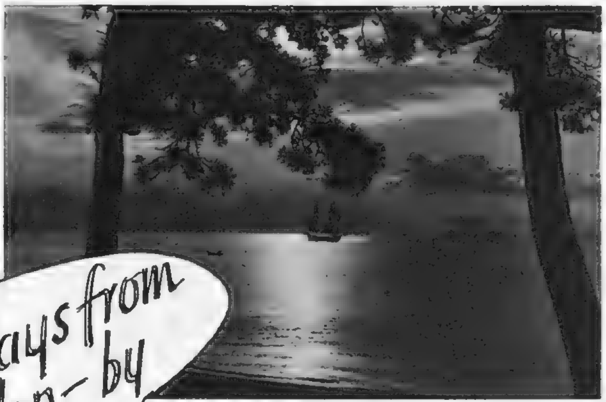
"Truly he is young and beautiful," the old servant answered wistfully. "Huzoor, I would that he had tarried a while longer. We have not seen his like before."

"And I also, Mohamed," she turned with great difficulty, tears on her cheeks, "for he is my great-grandson. He thinks me mad, no doubt, but, oh, how I have longed all these years for a sight of mine own people! God has been good to me, Mohamed . . . at last."

And the woman, who at sixteen had herself married a Langley of Red Acres, fell in a crumpled little heap before Mohamed could help her, her white head scraping the sweetness of the moon-flower blossoms.

[THE END.]

The Orient



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MARIEGOLD ON ART AND MUSIC.

MIDDLE EUROPE has taken its place firmly on the map—fascinating new holiday places are being discovered there every day—so I wasn't astonished to get an invitation to an exhibition of modern Czechoslovak paintings at the Mayor Gallery. One is apt to recall "The Insect Play" when thinking of that Slav State, Czechoslovakia, and among the paintings were

The Princess Royal and Lord Harewood were among the guests at the wedding at Bramham Church, Yorkshire, of the HON. DOROTHY LANE-FOX, *third daughter of Lord and Lady Bingley, to* MR. KENNETH WADE PARKINSON, *eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson, of Creskeld Hall, Arthington, Leeds. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at the ceremony. Mr. David Parkinson was best man, and the two grown-up bridesmaids were the* HON. MARGARET LANE-FOX, *the bride's sister, and* MISS ELSIE PARKINSON, *sister of the bridegroom.*

nearly a dozen by Josef Capek, its part-author. They are extremely interesting, mostly landscapes; and three at least are sporting subjects carried out in a very "new" manner—they would have made Ben Marshall and George Stubbs rub their eyes and look a second time! "The Fisherman" is all black and blue, with a suggestion of moonlight—night-fishing, in fact.

Dr. Cerny opened the show with a nice little speech, and Dr. Krauss told me a good deal about the country, and how winter time is the Prague "season," with opera, concerts, and all sorts

MISS ELISABETH HOPE BUSHELL, *only child of the late Lieut.-Colonel Christopher Bushell, V.C., D.S.O., and Mrs. Bushell, of Bishopsbourne, Canterbury, is engaged to* MR. ALEXANDER MacLEHOSE, *son of Mr. James MacLehose, LL.D., and Mrs. MacLehose, of Smith Square, Westminster. Mr. MacLehose is a publisher and has also written a book, "The Scotland of Our Sons," which will be published next month.*

of lovely things. The private view was full of Czechs, diplomatic and otherwise, but I saw two pretty people who are English—Mrs. Derek Jackson, fair and large-eyed, in a nutria coat; and a much-photographed "deb.", Miss Frances Maclean, in black, with a shovel hat. Miss Lotte Reiniger, who is over here making films, told me she finds England so peaceful—no Continental excitement over her work—"It suits me beautifully," she said. She makes her own "stars," of course; they are the famous silhouette cartoons which one sees at the more "intelligent" cinemas. She has just made "The King's Breakfast," after A. A. Milne. I hear it is

[Continued overleaf

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Continued].

enchanting. Mrs. Griffin, a small and charming blonde, told me how she and her husband came to choose the paintings for the exhibition. They saw the superb collection of modern French pictures owned by Dr. Vincenc Kramar, of Prague. By the side of the finest Picassos and Braques were paintings by Filla and Josef Capek, so admirable that they decided to explore the field of Czechoslovak art more thoroughly, and as Mrs. Griffin says in the foreword to the catalogue, they were "richly rewarded." Emil Filla's "Comédie de la Mort" is a small, fine, surrealistic picture, and his totally dissimilar "Our Dog, Arma," is a very original painting of a pet. "The Clown," by Tichy, and "Grief," by Zerzavy, were other paintings that caught the attention of the wandering eye. Another interesting person there was Mr. Ritter, who told me a good deal about the wonderful Bohemian glass. He thinks there are two extremes of thought in England—the very modern and the very conservative. Lady Louis Mountbatten has filled her Brook House flat with this new glass; and it is much bought by Indian Princes, such as Nawanagar, Travancore, and Bhopal. Mr. Ritter says the very best pieces are not generally seen over here, however, and one ought to go to Prague to get a really good idea of the modern beauty of its glass.

. . . . . .

Now that the autumn is here we can settle down to the concert season, and will be able to enjoy plenty of first-class music. The Royal Philharmonic Society, whose first concert is on Oct. 14, has not only an interesting series of programmes, but has selected its conductors wisely and well. To begin with, we have our own Sir Thomas Beecham, who will conduct at seven concerts; and Mozart-lovers will be glad to hear that on March 10, 1938, he will devote the whole evening to the music of this composer, with that fine pianist, Louis Kentner, as the soloist. There is only one woman conductor on the list—Mme. Boulanger—who is so noteworthy for her interpretation of choral works and compositions of the musical Old Masters. The Boulanger concert is fixed for Nov. 4, and the programme will include Fauré's Requiem Mass, Haydn's Concerto for Harpsichord, and works by Rameau and Monteverdi. Mengelberg is billed for Jan. 27. He is a famous conductor whose specialities are usually considered to be Beethoven, Brahms, and other heroic composers, but his programme on this occasion is to consist of works by Johann Christian Bach, César Franck, Dvořák, and Tchaikovsky. Then on Feb. 10 and 24 we have Weingartner, who is one of the finest conductors of the day. Modern music as well as the classics has a place in his répertoire, but he is giving one concert of Weber, Brahms and Schubert and the other of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven in the Royal Philharmonic series.

Heward, who will hold the bâton on Jan. 13, is English, like Sir Thomas, and is the conductor of the Birmingham Orchestra, so we need not feel apologetic for him even amongst the very great names cited above! He is an admirable conductor and a sincere musician. At his concert a first performance of E. J. Moeran's Symphony in G minor will be given.

. . . . . .

The B.B.C. Orchestra cannot be accused of being old-fashioned in their policy, for they have promised us several most interesting novelties. It is true that we are not quite certain as to what will finally happen with regard to the new Schumann Concerto, which is billed for Oct. 20, but we have William Walton's "In Honour of the City of London" for the concert on Dec. 1. This is bound to be interesting, like all the music by this young composer, who, incidentally, hails from the musical North of England. On Jan. 26, when Prokofiev will conduct as well as Sir Adrian Boult we shall hear Prokofiev's Concerto No. 2 for Violin and Orchestra (its first performance in England) and his Symphonic Fragments, "Romeo and Juliet," also a novelty in this country; while a Malipiero Symphony, never before heard in England, will be given on Feb. 23. I need hardly point out that the rush for seats for the two Toscanini concerts, on Oct. 30 and Nov. 3, has been unprecedented. In fact, I am surprised that the Queen's Hall was not buried under an impassable drift of letters of application for seats! Perhaps they had a snow-plough out before I was up on the morning of Oct. 6—the last day for application!

. . . . . .

One of the concerts to which I am looking forward is Mr. Irvin Hinchcliffe's harpsichord ecital on Oct. 19, as not only is he going to give an interesting programme, which will include a "curiosity" recently discovered in the British Museum, "Solemn March in Honour of the Duke of Devonshire," by Dr. Christopher Pepusch, of "Beggar's Opera" fame, but the setting for the evening's entertainment will add greatly to its charms. It is being held in Old Devonshire House, the really beautiful seventeenth-century mansion in Bloomsbury which Major Benton Fletcher has restored and furnished with period pieces, arranged with his inimitable taste. This concert is in aid of the London Association for the Blind and should not be missed.

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PEPYS
into this
THIRST
QUESTION

OCT. 1ST Returned yesterday from my holidaying at Cannes. The sea-passage did leave me somewhat queasy, and the train came scandalously late into Victoria. But this day, although I do feel the lack of the hot sun, in many matters I am glad enough to be rid of the puzzlement of what I should drink between meals. For, albeit I have much liking for French wines, I have no great love for their curious 'apéritifs,' which either burn the vitals or taste like Physick for the Cough. So that never before this evening have I so relished my Brandy mingled with Schweppes Ginger Ale. And I swear the gay sparkle and bubbling heartiness of Schweppes Waters have no peer or counterpart among outlandish refreshments across the sea.

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CITY NOTES.—*(Continued from page 98.)*

One of the brokers who was standing hard by, said he thought there must still be a fair amount of wreckage floating round the markets.

" Well," declared another member, " I may be very old-fashioned——"

" Not you, dearie ; but your hat is."

" You leave my hat alone. It 's pre-war, like your suit. And I am old-fashioned enough to think that gold, and gold shares are the safest investments, after all."

" Who 's going to buy South Africans on the top of the rise they 've had ? Paris has taken every available share she can lay her hands on——"

" But only in those companies that are popular with the Frenchman. He buys shares that he knows something about."

" Giving steep prices for them, it seems to me. By the way, how does he pay for them ? Paris must have bought thousands of pounds worth of Kaffirs last Account. Are they paid for in francs ; and, if so——"

" There are some questions," said an oracular old gentleman, " which it is less tactful to ask than others. And this is one of those."

" Which ? " asked Our Stroller, who is a good deal interested in this particular problem. The elderly broker looked at him in pained surprise, and turned slowly away without replying.

" I can't see myself——"

" Perhaps that 's just as well," said his broker. " But aren't you going to add to your South Africans ? "

" Aren't they too high ? "

" Not yet. You can put away Springs, Nigels, Gold Fields——"

The wedding of MR. HUGO CHISENDALE-MARSH, *only son of the late Captain and Mrs. Chisendale-Marsh, of Gaynes Park, Epping, and* MISS DORIS MARY (DOT) RANDALL-JOHNSON, *youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Randall-Johnson, took place last week at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The Rev. H. A. Brownlow, the bride's great-uncle, officiated, and the Bishop of Barking gave the address.*

" Why not the lower-priced shares ? Palms., East Rand Consols, Marievale ? "

" If you prefer shares in the developing companies, by all means have them. Those I mentioned are dividend-payers."

" How about Government Areas ? Short life, you 'll say."

" But likely to be a gay one. If you are strong-minded and will re-invest part of your dividends, I should be the last to put you off Government Areas. You must realise that you are getting very high interest on your money, but only because your asset is a wasting one."

Our Stroller shook his head. " I came down to the City to-day with the intention of buying Imperial Airways," he said. " The fall has been overdone, and I 'm going to average the shares I bought higher up."

" That 's a sound idea," agreed his broker. " Come over here and we will get the price. You can always spend a day at Croydon if you want to see Imperial Airways rise."

" I would like to spend a day in the Stock Exchange watching a similar performance," his client rejoined.

" You won't need to stay for a whole day when the market in the shares turns round and we get more settled conditions. How many ? Hundred ? Couple of hundred ? Right you are. Now taxi to that door as quickly as ever you can, because the waiter has his eye on you, and if——"

But there wasn't any " if " about Our Stroller's exit.

Friday, Oct. 8, 1937.

In keeping with the ruthless efficiency of this age our suggested schedule is brief. *6.0 p.m:* Guests arrive. *6.10 p.m:* Sherry is served. *6.11 p.m:* Guests discover that Sherry definitely is Findlater's. *7.0 p.m:* Friendliness supervenes, and the party positively ignores any well-laid-down schedules. *11.0 p.m:* Hostess retires very glad that the guests did really enjoy themselves. Very thankful that she chose Sherries by Findlater.

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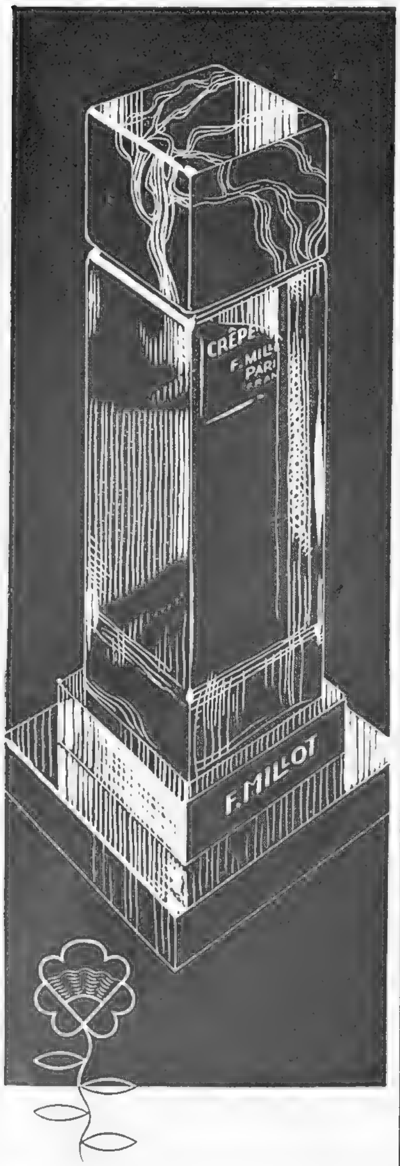

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from page 92*).

fraternity, and helped to act as bodyguard against their rivals, the Gisberg gang. Amorous adventures befell him, one so unorthodox and unwelcome that he had to terminate it with his fists. He was discovered cheating at cards, and the gang, who took a curiously serious view of this mild offence, expelled him. His mistress seized the opportunity to abandon him ; he then, as a last resource, entered for a boxing match. Ignominiously beaten, he returned home with his tail between his legs.

Mr. Westerby tells this unedifying story, the details of which are far more squalid than its main outlines, racily and well. But I cannot agree with him that there is much rescue work to be done among characters so debased as these. In fact, I have seldom read a novel which so nearly reconciled me to the existence of the reformatory and the prison.

Jumble of Different Elements.

" The Rhubarb Tree " is an odd, high-spirited jumble of different elements, satire, farce, fantasy, and prophesy. You never know which is going to be uppermost. Perhaps this is because the book is a collaboration, and Mr. Kenneth Allott and Mr. Stephen Tait write at different levels of seriousness and at different angles to reality. The main setting is Bethlehem Hall, a nursing home for well-to-do nerve cases. Here Mr. William Sykes, believed to be Mr. Aspley, author of an amazingly successful miracle play, underwent a totally unnecessary operation for appendicitis ; here the veteran leader of the Communist Party was foully done to death by agents of the Empire Nazis. Their apparently imminent success caused Lady Sybil Tatham, a Communist hitherto, to abandon her biography of Lenin for one on Hitler. (This did not save her when the crisis came.) Meanwhile, the author of the play, instead of enjoying his success, takes to dish-washing in the basement of a popular restaurant. The authors have not forgotten a love-interest ; it perseveres against all odds, and, together with a wreck, causes much disturbance to the yachting expedition in which, ingeniously but improbably, most of the characters take part. " The Rhubarb Tree," it will be seen, is a kind of revue in fictional form, and has the merits and defects of that kind of entertainment. The authors show talent in whatever they undertake, but their efforts lack cohesion—or is it team-work ?—and the whole story by no means comes up to the level of some, at any rate, of its parts.

" The Heaths and the Hubbells."

On the other hand, " The Heaths and the Hubbells " is a story with a theme and a moral. The theme takes the form of a contrast, a contrast between two points of view. The Heaths are a leading family in an American small town ; father, mother, and daughter, they hold their heads very high ; in fact, they are inferior in social consequence only to Judge Lake and his family. Victoria Heath runs the Culture Club and would like to boss the town if she could ; her daughter Constance is the local glass of fashion, ear-marked for a brilliant marriage. Together they represent Respectability in its most aggressive form. The Hubbells, their poorer neighbours, are a happy-go-lucky, Bohemian clan, living from hand to mouth, with no pretensions to social importance, but living a full, free life, at peace with each other and the world. It is winter when the story opens ; skating expeditions on the river offer excellent opportunities for the young people of the town to enjoy each other's company. Here Connie Heath and Rosie Hubbell meet and exchange a rather constrained greeting. Constrained because of the difference in their social position ; constrained, too, because each of the two unmarried girls was going to have a baby. Rosie had fallen to the high-born charms of Alan Lake ; Constance to the plebeian embraces of Johnny Peale, an employee in a cheese factory.

The two families received their erring daughters' confessions in a totally different spirit. The Hubbells, realising that such calamities had happened before, made the best of it and trusted their friends would do the same. There was no question of marriage here ; Judge Lake had bundled his son off abroad. Johnny Peale would have made an honest woman of Constance, but her parents would not hear of it—

" Suppose we just get married ? "

" Don't be ridiculous ! *Johnny Peale !* Why, his father ran the livery ! "

[*Continued overleaf.*

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Continued.]

"What of it?"

"Constance, this is no time to be having to remind you of it, but we have a place in the community. . . ."

So Constance was sent off to a distant nursing home, where she gave birth to a child which was immediately taken from her, never (she and her mother signed the declaration) to be given back or seen again. She came back and resumed her place in society, but her nature was warped and soured and unable to entertain new offers of love, however honourable; while Rosie, a little bold, a little defiant, weathered the storm and brought up her little Kathleen to be an ornament to the community. Annoying for the Heaths, but not so annoying as to learn that their jealously-guarded secret had never been a secret at all. . . .

Miss White has written an interesting story, a little too simple and symmetrical in plan, perhaps, but always in touch with human nature; and the characters, of which there are almost too many for the book, have plenty of life. As to the moral, it is plain all the way through, and few will quarrel with it. The Hubbells knew how to handle the situation; the Heaths did not. Better be a Hubbell than a Heath. But still a doubt lingers. In view of Rosie's success, Rosalind, Rosamund, and Rosalba might wish to repeat it — and that would be awkward.

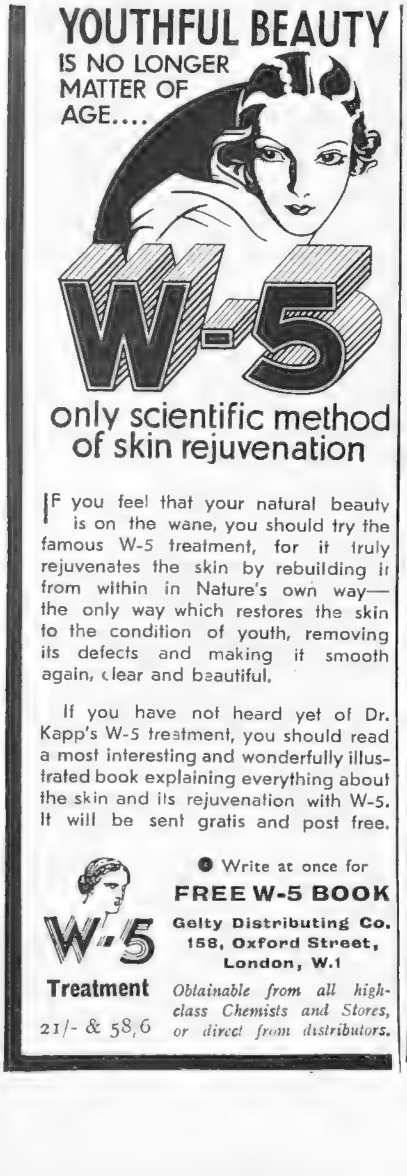
Bishop de Salis officiated at the wedding of his nephew, MR. SYDNEY ALEXANDER PARKER, *only son of the Hon. Alexander Parker, Deputy Lieutenant for Warwickshire, and Mrs. Parker, of Norton Curlieu, Warwick, to* MISS ADELAIDE MARY EVERITT, *daughter of the late Major S. G. Everitt, and Mrs. Paxton. They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride rides with the Oakley, Pytchley, and several other packs; and she won several point-to-points last season.*

An Interesting Problem.

"Death in the Glass" provides James Greer with an interesting problem set in unusual circumstances. A murder is committed during a party at which he is a guest in America. The police are called in and Lieutenant Kelly interrogates the guests and chooses his suspect. When Greer points out the inadequacy of the evidence, Kelly derisively suggests that Greer should force a confession from the murderer before

[Continued overleaf.

The engagement was announced recently between MISS SUZANNE PATRICIA MACASSEY, *and the Hon. John Howard, younger son of the Earl of Effingham and Mrs. Rosamond Palmer. Miss Macassey is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Macassey, of 72a, Longridge Road, S.W.5.*



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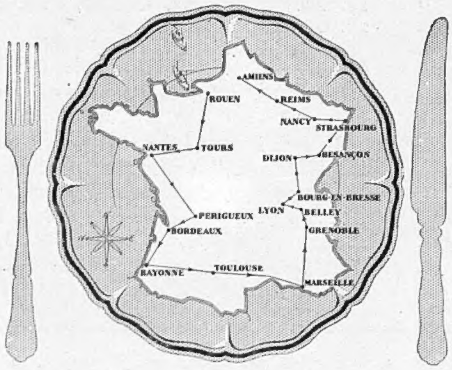

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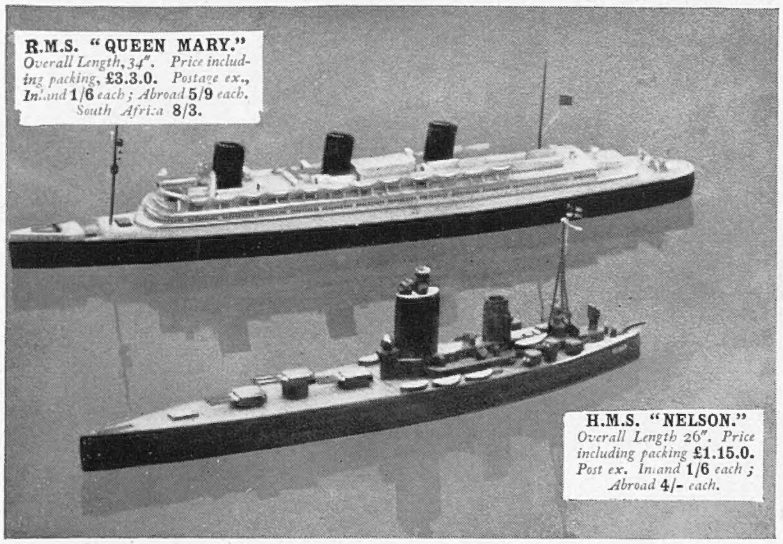

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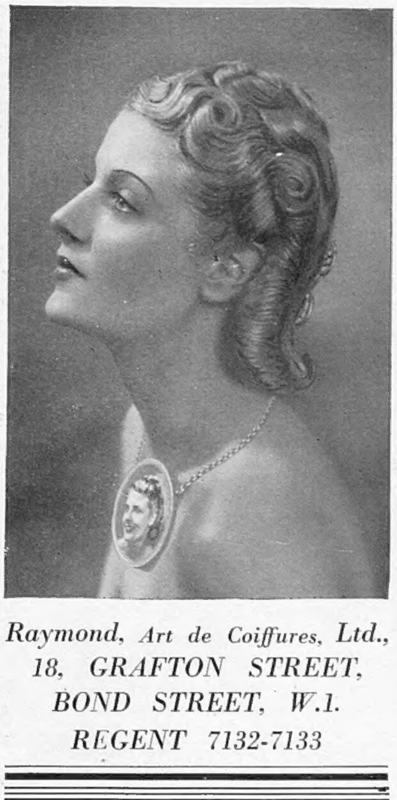

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Continued.]

breakfast. He is to have no help beyond that of a sergeant and two policemen, and he is not permitted to try any "rough stuff" on the suspects. The situation is congenial to Greer's methods, but even he finds the problem a stiff one, the more so because it was a freak party in which the guests (advertisers in the Agony Column of a newspaper) were unknown to each other, and it was impossible to verify even their identities. Under these conditions, characterisation is necessarily limited; but the plot lacks nothing in dramatic interest, and Mr. Gayle deserves special praise for the solution, which is highly original and reasonably credible.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Wide Boys Never Work. By Robert Westerby. (*Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.*)
The Rhubarb Tree. By Kenneth Allott and Stephen Tait. (*The Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.*)
The Heaths and the Hubbells. By Nelia Gardner White. (*Constable; 7s. 6d.*)
Death in the Glass. By Newton Gayle. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, OCTOBER 6.

ACROSS.—1. Motorists. 6. Steam. 9. Jorum. 10. Expressed. 11. Rounder. 12. Oil-well. 13. Brilliant. 15. Drama. 17. Leeks. 19. Lorgnette. 21. Oculist. 23. Set-back. 25. Insolvent. 26. Alibi. 27. Gated. 28. Tennessee.

DOWN.—1. Major. 2. Turquoise. 3. Remodel. 4. Steer. 5. Supporter. 6. Shelled. 7. Ensue. 8. Middle Age. 13. Bellowing. 14. Allotment. 16. Actuaries. 18. Skilled. 20. Net Sale. 22. Upset. 23. Satin. 24. Knife.

In our issue of Sept. 29 we published on our golfing page, "Following Through," a photograph in connection with the Burhill Family Foursomes, and stated that Captain Stroyan and his daughter Sheila beat Mrs. John Beard and her father, Mr. S. A. Harding, in the final by 7 and 6. This was a slip of the pen, and should have read "in the semi-final." Captain Stroyan and his daughter beat Mr. T. R. S. Mackenzie and his daughter Betty by 3 and 1 in the final.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"OLD MUSIC" (St. James's). 8.30.—Crimea and Crinoline-time brilliantly re-created. Celia Johnson, Greer Garson, Hugh Williams.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE LAST STRAW" (Comedy). 8.30.—A man-in-a-trunk thriller. Fine acting by Lucie Mannheim and Marius Goring.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Psychology by Priestley, with Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"CRAZY DAYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.15.—Typical Stanley Lupino stuff; music, dancing, and fun.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Another good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—Adventures of Marion Lorne.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Victoria Palace). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook in an impressive chronicle of a great reign.

"SOULS AT SEA" (Carlton).—Gary Cooper and George Raft in a thrilling drama of the sea.

"A STAR IS BORN" (Tivoli).—Success and failure in Hollywood. A Technicolor picture, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

"GANGWAY" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Jessie Matthews in light-hearted musical entertainment.

"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).—A witty experiment in story-telling by Sacha Guitry.

"G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD" (Studio One).—A gay and charming musical romance from Vienna.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (Studio One).—Life on a lonely Scottish island.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR" (London Pavilion).—A drama of revolutionary Russia, starring Donat and Dietrich.

"ARTISTS AND MODELS" (Plaza).—Jack Benny and Ida Lupino in a merry "musical."

"THE GO GETTER" (New Gallery).—The trials of a super-salesman, starring George Brent and Charles Winninger.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING" (Regal).—The Ritz Brothers, stage shows, and music in the romance of two playwrights.

While every endeavour is made to keep these lists up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXX.

DOUBLE-DUMMY PROBLEMS.

DOUBLE-DUMMY problems are much in evidence at the present time, so the question whether there is any use in solving these problems crops up once more—I mean, of course, whether there is anything to be learnt from such hands, whether they help at all in the play of real hands. Well, this is a problem in itself, and, so far as my experience goes, the majority of bridge players see nothing at the end of working out the necessary play at problems. Granted some of them find problems amusing, but the others don't even find them amusing, possibly because they can't solve them, or because (so they say) the situations set up are unnatural, and anyhow, the exact lie and denomination of the cards in all hands could not be located. Now the first part of this proposition won't do, and the second is correct only to a certain extent. Every double-dummy combination worth looking at must be possible, no matter how improbable it may seem. Take the problems of the late W. H. Whitfield, all of whose double-dummy problems are not only possible situations, but also could easily crop up in the course of actual play. Then, when you come to consider that in the discussion of some certain hand you will be told that because of this, that, or the other one of the players *must* hold, say, five hearts, four clubs, and one diamond—well, if you can (and should) know so much about the make-up of one player's hand, then you must know the make-up of all four hands, although, of course, not the exact denomination of the hidden cards; but often you can (or again, should) know sufficient about these cards to be able to make the soundest end play, both in attack and defence of that particular hand.

You can see I am making out a good case for double-dummy problems, and I am sure the working-out of them in many cases should—to put it mildly—hold players off making idiotic mistakes in end-play. I grant—and, being so obvious, it is not much to grant—it is asking a lot to place the last nine or ten cards in each player's hand—and, indeed, such a brain exercise is unlikely to benefit a player—but in innumerable cases the accurate marking of the last three or four cards is no effort at all, and that may, and does, more often than not, mean the winning or losing of many a game and rubber. This is where double-dummy play comes in, from which you will have seen the advantage of discarding an ace, or ruffing your partner's ace, or doing something of that kind. When you come to think of it, where do we get this principle of "squeeze" play? Why, from problem play, or if you like, the basic principle of most problems is "squeeze" play.

Just look at this four-card end-play:

	B	
	SPADES—K, Q. HEARTS—K, Q.	
Y Anything		Z SPADES—A, 4. HEARTS—A, 4.
	A SPADES—3, 2. HEARTS—2. CLUBS—A.	

At no-trumps AB need two more tricks. What should A lead? Well, anything except the ace of clubs, and no player with any knowledge of double-dummy problems would lead the ace of clubs. Now, so far from this position being "unnatural," it is a fairly common one, with all these last four cards easily placed. The only "unnatural" thing about it is the denomination of the cards, which, purposely, is shown as mostly aces and kings to simplify. Then take the little five-card position given here last week:

	B	
	SPADES—10. CLUBS—K, Q, 10. DIAMONDS—10.	
Y SPADES—Q, 5. HEARTS—None. CLUBS—Kn, 8, 7. DIAMONDS—None.		Z SPADES—None. HEARTS—6. CLUBS—6, 5, 4. DIAMONDS—Q.
	A SPADES—6. HEARTS—10, 9, 8, 7.	

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make four tricks. The playing of double-dummy problems is useful here to both A and Y. If Y ruffs with the five, B over-ruffs, and the only trick lost is the queen of trumps. So Y ruffs with the queen of trumps, when B throws his ten of trumps under it. If not, Y will lead his five of trumps, and B must lose either a club or a diamond trick. This position is based on an actual end-play, when B failed to discard his trump on Y's queen, with unfortunate results.

Now look at this hand, again from an actual game:

	Y	
A SPADES—A, K, Q, Kn, 3, 2. HEARTS—A. CLUBS—7, 6, 5, 4. DIAMONDS—K, 7.		B SPADES—9, 8, 7. HEARTS—K, Q, Kn, 2. CLUBS—K, 10. DIAMONDS—Kn, 9, 6, 4.
	Z	

The contract was four spades. Y led the five of diamonds. Z took with the ace and returned the three. A won with the king, and Y played the two! A led the king of spades—all followed, Y playing the four. A led the queen of spades, on which Y played the *eight* of diamonds. Now there are nine cards left, and although YZ never made a bid, A has sufficient information from the fall of the cards to be able to make his contract for certain—that is, if he ever has studied double-dummy problems.

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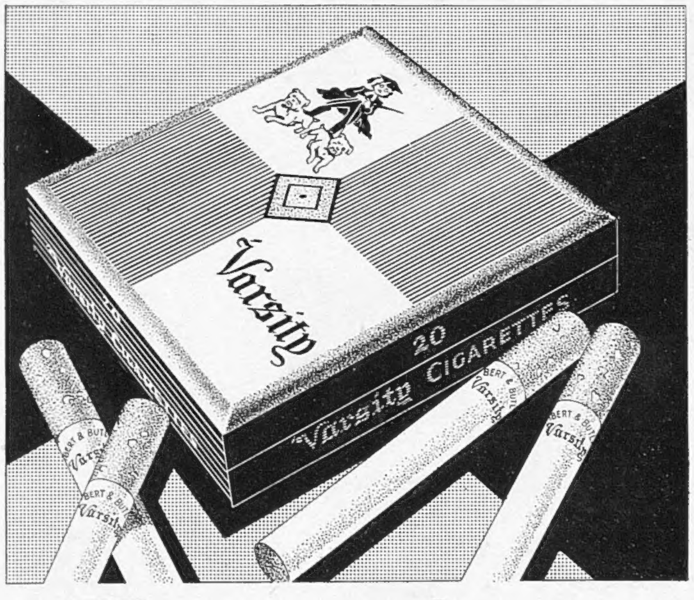

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